

THE
DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

KATE HERKIMER'S TROUBLES.

BY SUSY L.—.

CHAPTER I.

"KATE, dear! you will break your comb!"

She sat in a far-off corner of the large, old parlor, snapping the teeth of her tortoise-shell comb, altogether as if it were a malicious thing—as if it had never rendered her a service in fastening the braids of brown shining hair that now lay heavily astray on her shoulders, or the masses of rippling curls that hung down her cheeks and throat. Her arms were firmly planted away forward on the table by which she sat, her cheeks were in a glow, and her lips put roundly out in vexation.

"Kate?" I repeated, "you will certainly break your comb."

"I want to."

"Want to? What is the matter? What has come over you?"

"Why, all the time that you have been reading, and I pretending to read, I have been thinking how I am plagued; and I mean to be married to the first one that offers himself, if it is John Flanders."

We both laughed heartily; but tears were in Kate's eyes.

"What is the matter? What new thing has happened?"

"Why, you know, the Gracchi are coming over next week. I don't mind Lucien's coming—I shall be glad enough to see him; but Augustus Gerrish I never want to set eyes on again, until he or I am married. I don't want him here. I am never comfortable a minute when he is here—that is, never really and thoroughly at my ease, as I am with your husband, or with cousin Lucien, or with any good friend whatever, who is a married man or a cousin—and who therefore cannot misunderstand the frankness with which I must treat all people, both men and women, if I would have genuine pleasure in them, or let them have genuine pleasure in me. I am so afraid, always, that bachelors and widowers, and especially that Gerrish, will think I make advances! And, as I live, Susy, I would rather die dead than have him, or any one I respect, suppose that I am angling for a husband." Tears larger than ever hung on the heavy eye-lashes. The teeth of

the tortoise-shell comb would certainly be broken now.

"Ah, you are unnecessarily apprehensive, Kate. Bachelors and widowers are not so vain and blind as you imagine."

"They are vain and foolish enough, as I have many times had proof. I have been plagued to pieces by this same vanity a hundred times. You've heard of Hall, of Braintree, Cad Furbisher's cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, he was here awhile last summer, out of health, as pale as a ghost, and Cad called with him when he first came, because she wanted him to be well entertained, in the way of his recovery. He had tried all the medical systems in vain, she said. So I took the place, in part—Cad and the sea-breeze were to do the rest—of the jalap, and rhubarb, and steam, and nux vomica, that had gone before: and he got well. I am telling the exact truth, Susy, he did get well; and Cad, and the sea-breeze, and I did it all—chiefly I did it, Cad and Hall said. Of course, every breath of mine, in those days, was one of self-glorification. Of course, I never looked up among the stars without a wish for the old times when apotheosis took place so easily. Then, what do you think came in the midst of it?"

"Mr. Hall was in love with you for your benevolence, and offered himself bodily."

"No, indeed! Mr. Hall, on the other hand, wrote a letter to his partner, and, after a great deal of praise of myself, said—'I am not far out of the way, I fancy, in the grateful thought that she loves me, and would, with a word of mine, be induced to take the care of my health all the rest of my days. I confess, I have come near speaking the word several times; but, thank Heaven, the thought of Marcia Powell (or her fortune, rather; for I can't help confessing the truth, now that I see down the street the light of Kate Herkimer's window)—this saved me. I am not a rich man yet—a long way from it. Kate is not rich: so, good bye, Kate; and your gentle heart be comforted—in some way.' This is what he wrote, Susy! Lucien was at Braintree at the time, visiting the family of Hall's partner, whose name was Jones. It happened that there were

many fine things in the letter which Mr. Jones wanted Lucien to see. He handed the letter over to him, therefore; and Lucien copied this passage, and sent it directly over to me. Of course, I was like a snow-image to Hall after this; but I suppose he just thought it was a new phase my love for him had taken. And I would no more have married him!—he was five, or six, or seven years younger than myself! Wasn't that provoking from beginning to end? And I could tell you a dozen more such affairs, as miserable as this."

"But Mr. Gerrish is too sensible; he knows you too well, to—"

"Ah, I don't know—I am not so certain of this. At any rate, I wish he would bring wife or betrothed with him when he comes. For you see, Susy, I like him right well. I like to talk with him—am always as glad as can be to see him—in my heart, that is. I try to not let him see the gladness or the liking; and this is what makes it so annoying having him here, never once while he stays feeling easy and daring to act myself. Oh! I wish he were married, or would stay at Boxford where he belongs!"

We both laughed; and Kate, throwing her comb on the table, began carelessly knotting her braids and curls all up together.

"There! now don't I look like a savage?" laughed she. But she didn't. No one ever saw her look more graceful and engaging than she did at that moment. "I am determined what I will do," continued she. "I will practise all sorts of awkwardnesses before the glass, so that I may be an adept by the time he comes. I will be out-doors, bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-handed, hoeing and working in the garden until he comes. By that time I shall have a fine hue. I will keep constantly on my buff dress and brown gaiters; and you know that nobody has such nice ideas of delicacy, and a real band-box sort of cleanness and fitness in all that concerns a lady's appearance, as Augustus Gerrish."

"You shall do no such thing, Kate! It would be unworthy of yourself and of him; for you are a woman of dignity and sense, who can look into your heart, and, seeing the integrity there, can speak and act what is true and sincere, and then composedly leave your words and your actions to take their chance among men. They will fare well enough with Mr. Gerrish. He will never misunderstand you."

"He did misunderstand me when he was here in the Spring." She reached out after her comb, and again the teeth were snapping. "I will tell you about it, and then you will see. You know that I always like to keep

near one that I respect and love. Yourself, your husband, Lucien, any one who is like a good and sensible brother or sister to me—who is sincere, earnest, and kind—any such a one I love to have near me, close by me. I love to look out of the same window with them on a glorious prospect. If I get a sweet flower, I like to hold it to their nose and my own by turns. And if I find a great thing in a book, I like to stand by them or sit by them, and read it over with them. It is better a thousand times for me than reading it aloud with them afar off. But, to begin at the beginning," snapping her comb-teeth vigorously, and half-pouting, half-laughing, "when Gerrish came over here in the Spring, Lucien had been gone a long time, and I had been shut up with a wretched cold a week or two; and so it happened that I was as glad as a kitten to see him when, unexpectedly, he showed his face in our door. I sprang forward to meet him. (I might have had more moderation, I suppose; but you know I can never command myself at all, unless I command myself utterly, and so act like a stiff iceberg—as I am intending to do the next time he comes.) He *saw*, I suppose, that I was as glad as a kitten; and he—what do you think he did, Susy? Not give my hand a good shaking, looking, meantime, openly and cordially in my face, talking about the mud and the spring weather, his health and my own, as your husband, Lucien, or any married friend or cousin would do. He clung to my hand, looked unutterable inquiries, and, I *know*, fell to thinking there on the spot—'Can it be that Kate—I wonder—I am sure I would give a great deal to know if Kate is in love with me, or on the way. It looks like it—this seems like it, any way. If she is, it flatters me certainly; for Kate is in many respects a capital sort of girl; but—but it's rather awkward, too, as I have never thought of her. She is a little too eccentric; a little too far along in years for that; a little too—not, in fact, quite handsome enough to suit me.' Oh! I am provoked now when I think of it! There goes a tooth out of my comb!"

"I knew you would break it."

"Well, I wish I had broken them all out. Do you know who gave it to me?"

"No. Who did?"

"Gerrish, when he was here last winter with Lucien. He, and Cad, and I were out shopping one day (he went by Cad's invitation), and he gave each of us one. I refused it, but neither he nor Cad would hear a word of it; and, at last, Cad brought it away with hers. This one thing I dislike in Cad—she solicits gifts, great and small, of the gentle-

men. Sometimes directly she does it, sometimes indirectly. She is accustomed to go out of her way to put herself into theirs, and courts their attention in many ways. Lucien has told me that the gentlemen see this, and make comments upon it among themselves. Isn't this mortifying, Susy?"

"Yes, it is. Yes: I like your extreme better than I do hers."

"Yes, indeed! I like almost anything better, in a lady. Now, certainly, although I would willingly be married, if precisely the right one came along, and of his own will and thought offered himself to me; yet, I would not go one step forward, or move one finger to bring him to me—not, if I saw him on the other side passing by me for ever—not if I knew it was for ever, and that I would, to all intents and purposes, live out the rest of my life here alone—alone, because wanting him, the only right one.—Well, when I had got over this meeting a little, I went to show him one day a fine poem in Lowell, that pathetic little thing, Susy, his 'First Snowfall.' You would think that Gerrish might have been stricken with that, and not thinking of me or my hand, as he stood there. But he truly seemed not to know what he was reading. He sighed like a steam-ship, looked in my face instead of on the book, and at last gathered book and my hand together up somewhere into the neighborhood of his waistcoat pocket."

"Well, well; perhaps he loves you, and would propose if you gave him the least chance. I suppose, then, you took your hand away from him as if you were one snow-image and he another; and, as you did it, began talking in a cool way of the Dutch and Chinese."

"All but 'the Dutch and Chinese.' I said—'Read the next at your leisure, if you please; and I will go and help Aunt.' I showed him no more fine passages; and, in fact, had little more comfort with him while he stayed. If he honestly loved me—if he were to propose, and give me a chance to say 'No, Sir,'—that I could get along with. Then he would know what is in my heart, and be like a dear, good brother to me."

"I wish he did know what is in your heart. Can't you honestly face him with the whole matter—and tell him, that, cordial as you are, you 'would not marry him if he were made of gold?' This is what I have heard you say, I believe."

"I will, as I live! Mr. Cabot is here. I am going to send Gerrish's 'Knickerbockers' home by him, and I will send a few lines that will make it clear between us now and for evermore.—My poor comb: I am sorry I

broke it." She laid her comb on the soft fringe of the lamp mat before her, as if it were a dear thing of life and sensation; and, with an earnest face, over which a half smile stole now and then, and with a swift-going pen, she bent low over her page. "I shall write only a few lines, Susy dear," she said, after she began, and looking up with a radiant smile as if she already saw it clearing between her and Gerrish,—“only a few lines, just to let him see that I wouldn't marry him if he were made of gold, and that I am just as sure that he wouldn't marry me if I were made of diamonds. After I get it done, we will go out and stroll, wont we?"

"I nodded assent, smiled, and then went on with my reading. Scratch, scratch, went on and on Kate's pen. A little gipsy, with large, glorious eyes, long braids, beautifully rounded, although a little sunburnt, features and arms, and with bounding figure and gait, stopped suddenly in the door, and said—"Mamma!" and then, at sight of me, sprang forward, and emptied her apron and both hands of roses into my lap.

"Let me put this rose in your dress, mamma—this prettiest one. You pin it, mamma; it wont stay." She danced before me when she saw how well the pin succeeded. "Now, I wish papa would come," selecting another rose from my lap. "When will he come, mamma? I can't wait! I can't wait! Mamma, when will papa come home?"

"Here papa comes!" said a good voice in the hall.

My readers, my dear old readers, will guess whose voice it was; and who it was that appeared in the parlor door, and came towards me with his clear, friendly eyes on my face, and his hands full of letters and other mail packages. He threw the packages on a table, and sat down on the sofa at my side. My readers must know who this was—he was a man of a noble, loving presence, one whom any woman might be thankful and happy to call—husband. No, my readers "do not know for certain." Let me describe him further, then. His cravat was tied a little, the least in the world, one-side. And when I put up my hand (with a rose in it) to turn it, he took the hand and the rose together to his lips and his long nose, and said—"Susy, my good one, I am thinking that if my cravat ever ceases to go aside of its own accord (a thing I am glad to find it not at present inclined to do), I shall turn it, for the sake of having thy faithful fingers busy about me." (Now my readers know.) "What does this little india-rubber thing want of her papa?" encircling the girl in his arms.

"This is for you," modestly murmured the

young lips. She has a loving reverence for her father, altogether beautiful to see. "I want to put this rose-stem under your waist-coat—like this; no, you fix it, mamma—I can't." But the good man raised her to his lap. She knelt there, and fixed his rose and mine by turns, while we talked—and while scratch, scratch went Kate's pen, as if she would never be done making it clear between

herself and Gerrish. She drew herself up at last, with a sigh and a smile, and brought the open sheet to me, saying—"There, Susy, it is done. Read it, and see what a hare-brained thing it is.—Come, Sis, go and walk in the garden with me. We will see if we can find uncle and aunt out there in some of the shady corners."

(To be continued.)

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where hope clung feeding, like a bee,—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With nature, hope, and poesy,

When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along;
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Naught cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh, the joys that came down shower-like,
Of friendship, love, and liberty,

Ere I was old!

Ere I was old?—Ah, woful ere!
Which tells me, youth's no longer here!
O youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but 'a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert aye a masker bold.
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size:
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will,
That Youth and I are housemates still.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A SUMMER IN GEORGIA.

INDIAN MYTH.—THE STORY OF THE "TRYSTING ROCK."

IN a late number, wherein I spoke of the "Devil's Coffin," which lieth beneath the dashing spray of the angry "Tempesta," which the reader will remember is one of the series of cascades composing the Falls of Tallulah, I referred to a myth therewith connected.

Would that I could invoke to my aid the enthusiastic spirit of my worthy host of the "Rough and Ready," then might I hope to awaken in the bosom of the reader hereof something of the interest which his narrative excited in me.

We were standing in the "Devil's Pulpit," having a capital view of "Vulcan's Ford," "The Devil's Coffin," "Steeple Rock," and the falls of "Oceana," "Tempesta," and "Lodore." More than a thousand feet beneath us rolled the foaming river—far, far above us, on either side, in the distance, looming peak above peak, rose the umbrageous mountains, and the meridian sun, casting his brilliant rays full upon the swelling volumes of the ascending mist, created a thousand tiny rainbows or gem-encased prisms. It was with such powerful scenic aid that the Captain loved to wreath his superstitious legends; and ere he is aware, the listener admits, nay, *feels the truth*, of his marvellous tales. But to the myth.

"The Indians," said he, "always regarded this river, and the falls particularly, with the deepest awe and terror; hence they called it 'Tallulah,' which you know signifies 'Terrible.' The origin of this fear may be traced to their myth concerning it. They have an idea of another world, where the Great Spirit dwells, and where hunting lands and wild game are abundant. They believe that a great multitude of their race are roaming there in a state of supreme happiness, each tribe under its respective chief, but all under the control of the Great Spirit. Many ages ago the harmony of this good land was disturbed by the treachery of a great chief, who aspired to the place of the Great Spirit himself. The traitor, who was thenceforth called the 'Evil Spirit,' assembled his warriors, and determined to resist the commands of his superior. Then followed a war such as the universe never saw before. All nature shuddered, and the earth rocked to and fro like a bark on the bosom of the tempest. In the tremendous convulsions of the elements, huge mountains were rent in

sunder, and this fearful chasm, through which the Tallulah courses for miles, was opened.

"After a dreadful struggle, the evil spirit and his adherents were banished to this gulf, and the old Squaw of the cave was placed as sentry over them. By some means the traitor contrived to ascend to this rock, from which he harangued his followers and endeavored to incite them to renew the war. For this reason the rock is called the 'Devil's Pulpit.'

"Incensed by this new revolt, the Great Spirit hurled his fiercest thunderbolts upon the insulting monster. Unable to withstand the terrible artillery, the demon was thrust headlong down the awful precipice, and buried far beneath the Tempesta's flood. The Great Spirit ordered this mighty coffin of stone to be placed at the foot of the cataract, and the initial D to be carved upon it."

My guide now wiped the perspiration from his forehead, which had gathered during his animated recital, and proposed a visit to the "Trysting Rock," to which I readily assented. This is a large rock, overhanging a snug recess of sufficient capacity to contain half a dozen persons at a time. A rustic seat extends from side to side, whereon we seated ourselves for a brief period.

My amiable companion improved the occasion by relating the following interesting incident, which he avers, upon the honor of a soldier, to be true in every particular. I may add that his account was confirmed afterwards by many others, of whom I made inquiry.

"In the year 18—, an elderly gentleman, by the name of —, visited the falls, accompanied by his daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen. Refusing a guide, they sauntered leisurely down to the lower fall, and appeared deeply interested in the magnificent view before them. After rambling a long time, they came to this rock, where they tarried to rest. The descent to the fall below is very difficult, and the young lady being frail and very weary, was requested by her father to remain at the rock until his return.

"He had scarcely departed ere a young man entered the recess and took the vacant seat beside the daughter, whereat she in no wise seemed displeased. As might be conjectured, he was her lover. Her father was

a wealthy planter in lower Georgia, and was devoted to his daughter, but for some cause he conceived a great dislike to her admirer, and forbade him his house. The daughter took it so much to heart that she pined in 'moody melancholy,' and failed so rapidly that her father became seriously alarmed. Hoping to change the current of her thoughts, the old gentleman resolved to travel, and selected the romantic Cherokee country as a favorable region for his object. The young man, lover-like, followed hard upon them, and now improved the first opportunity to make himself known to the daughter. It may be well to explain the reason for the old man's opposition to the alliance. The lover was one of the *fa-sol-la-mi* teachers, who had no home in particular, and to tell the truth, was one of the most shiftless of the class who traverse the southern country with their implements of trade, to wit, a tuning fork, a violin, and a psalm-book.

"In touching the chords of his violin, he seems to have wakened a chord in the maiden's heart. In ascending and descending the scale, he caused the breast of his lovely pupil unwittingly to rise and fall. In short, while instructing the lady in the mysteries of vocal harmony, he whispered in her willing ear of the harmony of spirits, and she became a convert to his system.

"Well, the father found out the state of affairs, and summarily invited the itinerant professor of psalmody to *rest* from his musical instructions to the fair damsel, and by no means to venture upon his plantation again, whereat the daughter pined, as before stated.

"The musician, seizing his pupil's hand, now that he had overtaken her, earnestly entreats her to flee with him. He urges the injustice of her father, the hopelessness of any lenient change in him, and the suffering he was enduring. He pictured in glowing colors the happiness that would crown their union, and the favorable opportunity of con-

summing it. He spoke of his despair should she refuse, nay, he fell upon his knees before her, and by all the pleadings which the rhetoric of love can supply, besought her to yield.

"He exhausts the vocabulary of love, but to all his eloquence the maiden, with quivering lips and ashen cheek, gave but this reply: 'My father is growing old—he has ever been kind to me—he has buried my mother—I am his only child—he dotes upon me—he forbids our union—I have never disobeyed him, and I cannot do it now. Without his consent I can never marry you.' The young man sprang to his feet, and, without uttering a word in reply, rushed from the recess. The excitement which had sustained her during the interview left her at his departure, and she fell swooning from her seat. Her father came immediately in, but beholding the lifeless form of his daughter, and overcome as he was with fatigue, he also fainted. Fortunately a party of gentlemen were at hand, who speedily bore them into the fresh air, where, by aid of water and spirits, they were soon partially restored. They were then taken to the hotel, where every attention was paid them; but it was many weeks before they were able to return homewards."

Kind reader, it is yet too soon to write the sequel; but let me advise thee, if thou ever shalt be tempted to visit "Tallulah Falls," forget not to pause at the "Trysting Rock," and breathe a blessing upon the heroic young lady who there set such a noble example of filial duty and devotion.

In taking leave of Tallulah and its sublime scenery, I would add hereto the following tribute, which I cut from an old number of the "Augusta Mirror." The *nom de plume* of "Barnard" thereto attached represents one who hath done some service to literature, and who occasionally finds time from the perplexities of mercantile life, to pay court to the muses. But I detain you from the poetry. Here it follows:—

* TALLULAH—AN ACROSTIC.

THE TERRIBLE, thy name! into existence springing
A sparkling ripple from the mountain's breast,
A thousand rivulets their tribute bringing
From many a glen in untrod wilderness,
Link them to thee; and now thy current swelling,
Rolls on, while in the uncultivated wild,
Like sentinels, to guard thy sacred dwelling
From vulgar gaze, peak high on peak is piled!
Until in depth and breadth thy floods extending,
Swift onward more impetuous still they press,
Lashing in frenzy, where the mountains rending,
Open, a chasm dark and fathomless.

- The reader is already aware that "Tallulah" is the Indian word for "Terrible."

And now the crags they leap! the white foam dashing,
 The gulf re-echoing far the thunder's roar—
 High in the sun-light, spray like diamonds flashing,
 And glittering rainbows arched from shore to shore!

Gather thy robe of mist Tallulah, o'er thee,
 Veiling thy terrors from my failing eye;
 And wake thy thunder anthems to His glory
 Whose name breathes through His works—Eternity.

BARNARD.

Tell me, reader, art thou not pleased with those expressive verses? I am sure that thou thankest me inwardly for copying them here.

GAYLORD.

Mobile, 1850.

PINE NOT(E)S.

IN THE COUNTRY, 25th July, 1851.

Messrs. Editors:

BRICKS and mortar have their uses when thrown into the gigantic and far-stretching piles that make the city. For cities draw the scattered intellects into masses, and from the contagious touch of mind and mind flash the electric sparks of ideas that, like a great motive power, keep us intellectually afloat on the ocean of thought, plying to and fro between the great continents of fact and fiction. And there, too, magazines and journals are published, and to the friends whose taste and talents conduct them, it is pleasant and profitable to communicate those things which "when found" are made "a note of."

And not the least of those profitable and agreeable uses to which cities may be put, is the negative one that they may be run away from, with all the speed of the wind and the force of steam may be left behind and exchanged for the dear, great, beautiful country. Annually we may do this and bless the great smoky, dirty, bustling, rushing city that it has called into existence the ready facilities for travel, and that it aids in affording us the charming contrast and that exquisite enjoyment with which we rush in the hot days towards the forest and the mountain stream.

Here it is, where the warbling of the birds mingles with the murmuring of the gentle stream and the rustling of the leaves lends a refrain to the trill of the rill that laughs its way down the hill side—here it is that I can turn to the great Babel and award to it its meed of grateful recollection. It is here, surely, where all things whisper peace, contentment, and repose, that the heart of the day-dreamer is softened, and his spirit attuned to that happy frame wherein it feels

the good that may belong to what seems most unlike those things surrounding him.

It is a lovely spot where I now sit with portfolio on knee and with my gold pocket-pen scribbling lazily to you dear friend-in-town these dreamy notes from the country. A majestic pine, upon whose far-stretching root I sit, rises high above my head. Other pines group around me in a grove, and the light breeze hymns such a tune through their countless millions of needle-like leaves as is nowhere heard save in the pine forest. It is a hill whereon I sit that rises gently to an elevation of about 200 feet. At its foot on my left hand lies almost at my feet a lovely lakelet whose polished surface reflects the dark form of a hill that abruptly rises, covered with a dense growth of the dark and rich foliated sugar maple. In front through the minor valley meanders a pebbly-bottomed creek, from whose bank the glades sunnily open up into the dark bosom of the dense forest. On my right front, a river receives the creek into its bosom and winds onwards through a wide valley, whose broad flats are chequered green, brown, and golden with the fields of green and ripening grain. I turn my head a little further to the right, and the glorious beauty of the gigantic valley is revealed in all its pride to my view. Far on beyond, the teeming and chequered face of the level and smoothly floor-like valley; on beyond, the glassy surface of the winding river, the hills rise and fall away in successive undulations of beauty, heightened by the lights and shadows of the many tints of green, of the grassy openings, and the wooded sides and tops.

Through the depressions between the hills I catch views of other hill or mountain tops that seem to bound some far off valley

much like this, or, as my fancy will naturally paint it, larger, grander, and more terrible in its features than this. Now, the onward sweep of some distant cloud has withdrawn the veil that for a few moments had hidden one of those far off mountain tops, and it brightens with a smile that seems like the glory of another world. I feel an irresistible desire to fly and scale the boundaries of this my happy valley; onwards to fly, looking upwards at the fair blue sky, looking upwards at the fleecy clouds, glancing downwards at the pictures of hill and valley, field and forest, lake and stream, light and shade, so varied and so beautiful, onwards until I touch that distant height and kiss the smile that brightens for me and beckons me so like a glory and a joy.

A little brown bird, a tiny thing that I could hold within my closed hand, alights with a chirrup upon the root of the old pine almost within reach of my arm. Picking up an insect from the bark, it raises its head and fixes its bead-like eyes upon me with a confident expression in which I read the thought that the distant flight to that far off sunlit smile has been taken by this little skimmer of the air while I lay bodily bound to the earth. My vanity can read its lesson, a lesson that would check the consciousness of greater strength than that little fitting thing possesses. But thought flies swiftly onwards and there comes up a something greater and more beautiful than vanity—a consciousness of an immaterial something outliving all, that, borne upon the wings of fleetest hope, reaches a lofty God-lighted smile illuming a beautiful world afar off yet very near.

It has flown away into the grove, the little bird, unconscious of the thoughts to which it gave rise, unknowing of the good seed it had sown in the heart of a man, in an undying soul, in alighting upon the root of this old pine and fixing its little eyes so confidently on my own. And now I speculate within my own mind and ask myself—if such results, whose character may be all important and eternal, do follow upon so slight an act of a tiny bird, do not all of our slightest acts produce each one an effect whose consequences, if revealed to our view, would load us with an overwhelming sense of responsibility?

The shadows have materially changed their position, and the heat of the sun is drying up the marks of my pen. I go.

I have wandered away from the old pine, and come here upon a brooklet, rushing down the hill side covered for two or three rods of its course with a natural arbor, whose beauty and unusual effects lead me

into a train of thought that I will put into verse as the inspiration of

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE ARBORED STREAMLET.

I knew a mountain streamlet
With a lively roar;
It ran below a covert,
'Neath a blooming bower.

From bank to bank the laurel
Spanned the leaping stream,
And through an arch embowering
Smiled a silvery gleam.

All o'er the arch embowering
Climbed the roses wild;
Among the leafy laurel
Blooming roses smiled.

Such joyful music issues
Gushing from the heart,
Such bloom surrounds the portals,
Fresher than of art;

Such thoughtless hasting onward,
Gleefully along,
Such perfumes interwoven
With the breath of song,—

The light within all rosy,
Perfumed all the air,
But where the outlet opens
Beaming brighter glare,—

Ere through the rosy bower,
Musically whirled,
The life of gleeful girlhood
Mingles with the world.

Homewards I will soon turn, and therefore, now draw this tracing of random reveries to a close. Homewards did I say? Rather say housewards; for is not this place, too, my home? Here, where a profound and inexpressible happiness takes possession of my being, coming to my embrace from out of these hills, and springing from out the shades of these forests, gliding forth from these groves, rising from the bosom of this lakelet and dancing upwards from the ripple of the stream; here where the maternal spirit of Nature soothes her child, here is surely home.

Au Revoir, perhaps, Adieu. Faithfully,
D. P. B.

IN THE COUNTRY, 30th July, 1851.

THESE pine boughs with their leaves all dry and brown make me a soft seat at the foot of the brave old pine. Sometimes they make a bed whereon I find a sleeping dream that steals upon me whilst I am gazing out drowsily upon the heat mist of the sunlit air outside the grove; the heat mist that gauzily veileth valley and hill, casting them drowsily into a far-off dim repose. The shadows of the floating clouds lie some

moments quietly upon the level face of the valley, then, gliding onwards, disappear in irregular succession. Now they cast themselves upon the hill sides to shade the bright spaces of the open glades or deepen the dark shadows of the woods.

Delicious is this repose! So softly, yet how swiftly the hours go by me! Whilst I lie and dreamily look out from my oft closing and only half opening eyes, occasionally scribbling a sentence here, the shadow of the steep hill opposite has silently projected itself further and further along the glassy face of the little lake. And now the outlines of the tall pines of the grove are cast outward from the foot of the hill, and lie along the level surface of the grassy vale below. The sweet voices of the birds are heard at intervals, and come from the depths of the grove, where through the still hours of the not yet slackened heat they have found pleasant repose. The breeze fans me balmily, and there has been no unpleasant heat where I sit under the grand old pine. It looks dark and cool, deep within the recesses of the grove behind me. Peeping through between the straight and slender trunks on the edge of the wood,—there the rich golden sunlight spreads itself in sheets and lies in bars upon the green grass, mingling the colors in that verdant gold which I love to think carpets the fields of Paradise. The chirp and twitter, the trill and quaver of silver voiced birds sing the praises of the pleasant Eden. The breeze freshens and swirls through the lofty pine tops like an anthem; then dies away again.

The shadows have lengthened yet more; the air is cooler, and the balsamic odor of the pines comes more palpably to the gratified sense. While the sun declines and evening creeps on apace my roaming reveries wander back through the ripening years of youth to the places where in young adventure I wandered long and often; companionless save by my well beloved steed. I see again the starry nights of a southern clime where I rode on and on into the depths of the great pine forests. And deep into the night, where, dismounting, I tied my steed by his lariat to a tree beside some grassy opening where he fed at his leisure, while I, with my head upon the saddle, found a soft bed upon the dead leaves of the pines that for ages had annually cast their foliage upon the ground about me. How I grudged the hours consumed by sleep that shut out the music of the piny lyres that played far up above me; that shut out the bright, solemn, happy stars that looked down into my closing eyes, the guardian watchers in the skies! Again the twittering of the birds

among the boughs over my head awakens me from a healthful sleep, and saddling my trusty steed, I ride on through the fresh morning air, marching forth into the world, my steed and I, to the music of the choral beauties of the air; onward through the miles of dear old forest, forth at last into the broad prairie, on to where fences and fields show that a house is near, the house of some settler in a country new to man.

I remember now so distinctly how on thus coming upon a plantation one morning and alighting at the hospitable door of the house, I found sadness seated upon the faces of the worthy planter, a true gentleman of the soil, and all the family. The saddest face of all that met my view was that of Fred, the son, a noble-hearted daring youth of twenty. A strange and melancholy event had occurred during the past night, and after breakfast it was communicated to me. A neighboring planter and relative owned a negro whose malicious disposition had repeatedly endangered the property and lives of his master's and of his neighbor's family. He had run away and for many months been lurking near, hiding in the forest and eluding all attempts to capture him. Stealing from the cribs and storehouses of the two plantations at night, tampering with other negroes and inciting them to run away or worse, twice setting fire to his master's house, it had become necessary to self-preservation that the planters secured him. Of a powerful frame, active, and cunning, big Ben had up to the day preceding my visit to the plantation carried on his depredations with impunity.

The planter at whose house I breakfasted on that lovely summer morning, had raised a black boy, named Ned, of uncommon intelligence. Born at the same time with Fred, whose mother had died in child-bed, Ned's mother had nursed "young master," and thus the boys grew up foster brothers. Fred loved his servant, and as Ned grew up had taught him many things useful and ornamental that slaves seldom acquire a knowledge of. When children they had always played together; as boys Ned always waited upon his young master and was usually the attendant upon his sports. The regard between the youths appeared to be mutual.

On the day preceding my arrival the overseer of big Ben's master had visited this planter and informed him that he had just received positive information from one of their negroes with whom big Ben had been tampering, that he designed making a thieving visit to his master's plantation that night, and if waylaid at a certain point which he was

likely to pass, might be captured. Fred volunteered his services, and in due time accompanied the overseer to the designated point, both armed with their rifles, determined to capture the ruffian or kill him if he could not be taken alive.

The overseer and Fred lying in wait about midnight, heard the tramp of horses' feet on a fast trot down the narrow path, and presently they saw through the dim air of the starlighted night the form of a big negro mounted on a horse, followed by another smaller in size. Quickly stepping out from the bushes, behind which they had sat concealed, Fred and the overseer called out, commanding Ben to stop and surrender to his master or they would be fired upon. No reply was made, but both horses urged into a gallop. Quick as thought the rifles of the two white men were at their shoulders and discharged. Both riders fell from their horses. Upon reaching them the overseer and Fred found them both shot through the breast and dying. One was big Ben, the other was—Ned! Fred remembered having aimed at the hindmost rider, and falling as though he had himself received a bullet in his breast, fainted away. When he recovered his senses Fred found himself seated on the ground where he and the overseer had sat waiting and watching that night, his head lying upon the lap of the latter.

"Where are they?" gasped Fred, raising himself and looking wildly around as if he dreaded meeting some hideous sight.

"Dead!" replied the overseer. "Ben died immediately without a word."

"And Ned?" cried Fred.

"Ned lived just long enough to say that he had been served right and only wished that he could beg massa Fred's pardon before he died, that big Ben had coaxed him and persuaded him and several others to run away, after which they were to wait a favorable opportunity and seize the young missuses on the plantations, then carry them away off to a place big Ben knew of, where they would be masters and all black men were masters, and the young white missuses should be their wives. Big Ben had given him some whiskey; if he had never tasted it he believed he never would have been so wicked as to have joined him."

Years afterwards I saw Fred a sedate conscientious man. There had been on those plantations no harshness of masters, no insubordination of servants. Always since, the pine forest has seemed to breathe in my ears among many other strains, many of them more cheerful, the sighs of the foster brother.

So it is that the passions of men will sad-

den for our ears the tones of the sweet voices of Nature. Again I rise, I go, and listen to what those voices say on

MY SECOND VISIT TO THE ARBORED STREAMLET.

See, the mountain torrent loud
Doth its fretting foam enshroud
Under bramble, under brier,
Hiding there its rebel ire:
Where an arch from bank to bank,
Green and thrifty, green and rank,
O'er the waters bends and lowers,
While above the smiling flowers,
Forest rose and eglantine,
All along the bower twine.
Smiling to the sun above
Rosy fragrance, tints of love,
Seeming but a bower fair
Laurelled in the golden air,
Thus it is the seeming life
Hides within the fretful strife.
Dark despair and fearful gloom,
Mad'ning grief and raging foam,
All the anguish of the heart,
Sting of wrong and sinning's smart,—
Caught along the smiling world
Ere within the cavern hurled,
Under bramble, under brier
Laboring to hide its ire,—
Lash the torn and raging soul
Where the roaring waters roll.

The sun is out of sight, the dew falls, and
I close my portfolio with *au Revoir*, perhaps
Adieu.

D. P. B.

IN THE COUNTRY, August, 1851.

It is another day, and no two are alike in beauty and in scenes. The concave above is hung heavily with clouds; and all around they lie and float in endless shapes and shades. Yonder to the north a chain of hills, just now smiling with verdure in the fair light, is veiled by a descending shower. The dark green of their wooded sides is turned to slate, and the verdant meadows between show leaden through the rain veil. In the west a cloud world shows itself magnificent in changeable beauty. First in view rises the form of a gigantic tree. Three noble trunks from one root rise high and spread their tops in one great mass like a gigantic oak far round in wondrous wealth of branch and foliage. These cast a deep shade around; and there, beneath the ample spread of branch and bough, are figures of men and women and children. Some stand leaning upon staves, as travellers equipped, and others lie in all the attitudes of ease, reclining in the grateful shade. In front down to the western hill tops in fleecy undulations lie the snow clouds. Beyond the shadow of the tree a sapphire lake glows like a gem. Then other tracts of snowland

stretch to the shore of a wide blue sea. On it are floating islets of snow; and from their surfaces rise smoke-colored figures like trees lone and in groves, vapory and casting no shadows on the silver-shored islets of that azure sea. Oh! it is beautiful exceedingly to watch those far away countries in the clouds, so fair to see! That trinity of tree! is it a symbol of the Triune All? And are those pilgrims of the world that there find rest, under the branches of that tree, within the shadow of the church, to be transported to the islets silver-shored and shadowless in the distant sapphire sea? Oh! it is beautiful to see those resting pilgrims and that tree, those islands and that sapphire sea; 'tis beautiful exceedingly to watch the cloud-world far away, in the lustre of a silver day.

Northward the rain has ceased, and bursting forth through the leaden clouds, a gleam of sunshine just covers a field of ripened grain upon the hill side, and the bright yellow is gilded with a richer glow. Such are the golden-harvests that lie at the base of all worldly wealth. There abound the bread and wine that, taken in the shade of the great triune tree in those shadowless islands of the silver-shored sea, have changed their material substance for the immaterial of the holy Three.

The sun is again sinking low in the west, and the cloud-world has vanished, leaving but here and there a wrack behind. Cows are wending their way homewards from the green meadows, laden with their milky freights. Some are slowly wading the creek, and cooling their heated udders in the clear waters of the running stream.

Is it the sight of the cows and stream, or is it the thought impression of another world that figured but now in the cloud-world above, that brings at this moment to my recollection the fording of the Rio —, the talk there held years ago with honest old Kreisler, when he exposed his peculiar impressions concerning another world? If it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is often not a span further from the serious to the ludicrous.

I was journeying on horseback in the pleasant summer time, and at noon reached the ford of the Rio —, on the opposite side of which was the log house and thriving farm of Kreisler. It was pleasant to anticipate achieving my dinner and siesta at one of the not unfrequently met with good houses where the weary traveller found friendly reception and hospitable entertainment. For I had pleasant recollections of Old Kreisler, of his thick set figure, heavy featured and good-natured countenance, of

his soft feather beds, corn bread, and fresh milk. Thus it was when his sturdy figure emerged from the passage that divided the two log pens of the main building, with one hand outstretched to shake my own and the other to take the bridle I had just quitted. The next moment the jovial tone of my greeting assumed a subdued expression, as I observed an unusual soberness in the countenance of the good old man.

"Well, Kreisler, how goes it with you, old friend?" said I, inquiringly.

"Padly, Tector, padly, since te teath of my old woman," replied the old man, with a sad shake of his head.

"Is Mrs. Kreisler dead? I am very sorry to hear it. You must miss her very much. But the separations of time are unknown in the after meetings of eternity, my friend, and time is short."

"I know it, I know it, Tector. But I missis te old woman fery much, and sometimes I feels like I should not live mitout my old woman any longer. One tay, Tector, I was veelin so padly and town in te stomach dat I could not eat anyding. So I just dought I would go and hang myself. Well, I just takes a piece of rope and goes town to a pig post oak py te spring; and I ties it to a pranch and climbs up into a stump, where I vixes te noose apout my neck. Well den, just I as was ready to jump off te stump and drop into heaven alongside my old woman, and was peginning to dink of dat country and te people dere it comes into my head apout old Noa. I slips te noose off my neck pretty quick and walks pack to te house, dinking all te time apout dat old Noa, and how I had lost more nor two tousand dollars in horses and cattle py dose tam copperhead shnakes dat old Noa put into te ark mit every creeping ting. Dere vill pe a vuss when old Noa and I meets, I dell you."

There was no irreverent thought in the mind of honest old Kreisler when he thus divulged his peculiar impressions concerning another world. There is none in my mind in relating this singular instance of simplicity and honesty treading upon the verge of impiety. There will be none in the reader's, although honest Kreisler could not at first clearly discern the necessity of extending his forgiveness to all who had injured him; and who, when his perceptions were awakened to this necessity, felt his unfitness under an angry state of feeling towards one of its inhabitants for entering that heaven respecting which he seemed to entertain some queer notions peculiar to himself.

Poor old Kreisler! he is now testing the

realities of that other world. He died in his bed, with reverential hopes at his heart and good words on his lips. His stout bones lie below the green grass near the spring. May he rest in peace!

And the surge of the breeze through the tall pine above me seems to repeat mournfully—"in peace, peace."

Au Revoir,

D. P. B.

EPISODES OF INSECT LIFE.

IF the eyes of the little creatures of the air ever become sufficiently schooled and vigorous to read the printed text of books on which they alight in their wanderings, we fancy one of the first books they would take to would be this very book about themselves. If they should extend their survey through the Trade, and learn how good subjects are oftentimes thrown away upon bad paper, and how frequently the style is disproportioned or altogether *mal-a-propos* (we presume these little travelled gentlemen understand French, of course), the ponderous elephant, for instance, being treated of on thin paper in the common Natural Histories, and flowers in colored volumes painted with a house-painter's brush, these insects would take it as a very delicate compliment to their own graceful demeanor and elegance of habit, that Mr. Redfield has presented them so smoothly, so neatly, and with counterfeits of their own appearance, in the illustrations, almost as light and dainty as themselves.

If to break butterflies on wheels is held to be a rude employment, we shall not certainly bring ourselves under a more comprehensive censure by attempting criticism of a book which treats of the whole tribe of moths, lady-birds, and glow-worms. As we do not in rambling the fields ask to have their various buzzings, tickings, whirrings, whizzings, and lullabies interpreted to us, but are content to let them speak for themselves, we shall deal in the same spirit by their gentle historian, and let him tell his own story in his own way, in his delicious chapter of

INSECT MINSTRELSY.

" ' Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,

Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,

And only there—please highly for their sake.

" ' A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed, and many-colored things,
Who worship [Him] with notes more sweet
than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life.'

" If measured by their influence on the mind,

those simple notes of harmony or discord produced by many of the insect race, are of no mean importance in the scale of sounds. Their power must certainly, however, be attributed rather to associate ideas than to any intrinsic excellence in the sounds themselves, which, by means of such borrowed attributes, have often indeed acquired a character and exercised an influence directly opposite to their own inherent qualities. It accords not with our plan to say much of insect foreigners, whether musical or mute; but we may cite, as the earliest and one of the most striking examples of what we mean, the song of the classic Cicada or Tettix—the Tree-hopper; by a misnomer, the *Grasshopper* of the ancients. This was the Insect Minstrel to whom the Locrians erected a statue; some say for very love and honor of its harmony; others, as a grateful record of a certain victory obtained in a musical contest, solely by its aid. The story goes, that on one of these occasions, two harp strings of the Locrian candidate being snapt asunder in the ardor of competition, a Cicada, lighting at the moment on the injured instrument, more than atoned for its deficiencies, and achieved, by its well-timed assistance, the triumph of the player.

" Thus highly was this insect's song accounted of, even at a period when 'music, heavenly maid,' could scarcely be considered 'young'; yet as various species of Cicadæ have been described by modern travellers, one can hardly suppose that any better quality than shrilly loudness can have belonged to the Tettix of ancient Greece.

" We are told, indeed, by Madame Merian, that an insect of a similar description was called the Lyre-player by the Dutch in Surinam. The notes of a Brazilian species have been likened to the sound of a vibrating wire; and those of another, in the swamps of North America, to the ringing of horse-bells. Similitudes these of sounds sufficiently agreeable; but contrasted therewith, and almost drowning them, come the discordant comparisons of numerous other travellers respecting the same or insects of an allied species. One is called, by Dr. Shaw, 'an impertinent creature, stunning the ear with shrill, ungrateful squalling.' The noise of a species in Java is described by Thunberg as shrill and piercing as the notes of a trumpet; while Smeathman speaks of another, common in Africa, which emits so loud a sound as to be

heard at the distance of half a mile, or, when introduced into the house, to silence by its song the voices of a whole company. The mighty 'waits' of the Fulgora, or Great Lantern Fly of Guyana, an insect not of the same but an allied family, has also obtained the name of 'Scare-sleep,'—its din being likened to the sound of razor-grinding.

"On the whole, therefore, it would appear pretty clearly that loudness is the main characteristic of the Cicada's song. Yet when we recognise, in this minstrel, the 'Anacreontic Grasshopper,' the 'Son of Phœbus,' the 'Favorite of the Muses,' the 'Nightingale of the Nymphs,' the 'Emblem of Perpetual Youth and Joy,' the 'Prophet of the Summer,' we no longer marvel that its notes, however harsh, should have sounded melodious even in the ear of the polished Athenian.

"To descend to present times and native performers, first, there is our own familiar and representative, the Hearth Cricket, for whose crinkling chirp even *we* can scarcely challenge much intrinsic merit, yet do we regard it as a song, and a merry one; and why? because the faggot always crackles, and the kettle sings, if not in actual, in imaginative chorus.

"In like manner the music of the cricket's country cousin (of the field), or that of the Grasshopper, though designated by some, of more critical ear than pleasant temperament, 'a disagreeable crink,' can never grate harshly upon either ear or heart which are in themselves attuned to nature's harmonies; for to these, as it rises from the dewy ground, it assumes the tone of an evening hymn of happiness, mingled in memory if not in hearing with evening bells and the shouts of emancipated village children. For the revival, doubtless, of some such associate memories, even the grave Spaniard is said to keep these insects after the manner of birds of song; and those that like it may do the same in England; Gilbert White assuring us, on trial of

the experiment, that the field cricket, while supplied with moist green leaves, will sing as merrily in a paper cage as in a grassy field.

"To the man of transparent skin and opaque fancy—or no fancy at all—the hum of the Gnat is suggestive, we know, of nothing but angry cheeks and swollen temples, with corresponding sounds of pshaws! and buffets; but to those who are less outwardly and more inwardly sensitive, the 'horn' even of this insect blood-hunter is not without its melody, with sylvan accompaniments, such as the ploughboy's whistle 'o'er the lea,' and the gurgle of pebbly brooks, red in the glowing sunset.

"When and wheresoever a bee may happen to flit, humming past us, be it even near an apiary in the Adelphi, or a balcony hive at Hammer-smith, is one not borne at once upon her musical wings to the side of some healthy hill? and does one not forthwith hear in concert the bleating of flocks, the bursting of ripened furze-pods, and the blithe carol of the rising skylark? or, our thoughts taking a turn more homely, we listen in fancy to the sound of tinkling cymbal played by rejoicing housewife to celebrate and accompany the aerial march of a departing swarm.

"Thus sweet and infinitely varied is the concert of concordant sounds, all of the allegro character, which may be assembled for the pleasing of the mental ear, even by the simple and single, and passing strains of the above and other insects which make melody in their mirth; and then how numerous are the correspondent images—glowing, smiling, dancing, waving, glittering—which are wont at their bidding to be conjured up before the mental eye! Glowing embers—smiling flowers—dancing leaves—waving cornfields—glittering waters—all intermingled in a haze of merry motion—an imaged dance of life got up within 'the chamber of the mind,' at the stirring of, sometimes, but a note of Nature's living music."

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS.

HOW I SPOILED MY COMPLEXION.

AN AUGUST INTERLUDE.

PART I.—HOW I WENT TO THE COUNTRY.

My face is well tanned, and I don't mean to deny it.

Well, what if it is? I'm none the worse for it; and, as far as complexion is concerned, care no more for being made nut-brown, than the "nut-brown maid" herself. I say, "as far as complexion is concerned;" but what sense is there in injuring one's feelings about it, and having a pack of deuced good-natured friends—they think they're witty, I don't—cracking their stupid jokes about one's ears, and making one's phiz—now, indeed, as the African troubadour expresses it, a "phiz-o'-mahogany"—a target for all their pointless shafts?

Here come three clever fellows, shall I dodge around the corner? No, I'll face them, that's flat.

"Why, hallo, Peter, where have you been?"

"And how do you do?"

"And what in the name of Pluto have you been doing?"

"Oh, I heard all about it," says Number One. "His well known curiosity led him the other day into one of those establishments where people put beans into huge burners, and they (the beans, not the people) come out coffee. Nothing would do but he must open the door of one of these machines as it was going around, and putting his head too far in, his nose caught, he lost his balance, and entered the burning crater, corporeally, made one revolution in less time than even France ever did, and came out black as you see him. He felt rather unwell after it, for it gave him quite a turn."

"Not a true bill," chimes in Number Two. "He went home the other night very thirsty, and particularly oblivious, and mistaking a bottle of ink for a jug of milk-punch, swallowed the whole of it, nor discovered his blunder until the next afternoon, when, having risen to write a note of apology for neglecting an engagement,—sudden indisposition—he discovered the ink was *non est*, and his face dark as a thunder-cloud from the action of the supposed 'milk-punch' upon his blood. His physician put him immediately upon a diet of sand and blotting-paper, but it's no go."

"Wrong again," winds up Number Three. "You know how absent-minded he is; well, when about retiring last night he stood himself up outside the door, locked it, and put his boots in bed. The servant finding him

outside in the morning, polished his face—the only part visible which did not appear to be of the right color—and he only found out his situation when, aroused by the breakfast bell, after having given his boots a shower-bath, he endeavored to pull himself on. I think it's rather improved his appearance, after all—given his face character, eh?"

Go your several ways, gentlemen, I confess to a very aboriginal complexion at this moment; in fact, look like a practical specimen of amalgamation, and begin to have some serious scruples touching the constitutionality of the "Fugitive Law."

What a humbug May is!

I publicly announce it now as my firm, fixed, and unalterable belief that we might decimate the English language, and provided that same word "humbug" were left, we should yet get on admirably.

Every man or woman, priest or player, horse or dog, farce or funeral, dinner party or dose of medicine, that we do not happen to like, is—a humbug.

There are two sides to everything, and one side is—a humbug.

There is a record extant of a parson who preached what men *should* practise for a thousand dollars per annum, but would not practise what he preached for less than fifteen hundred. Men called him—a humbug.

Another's stipend was but three hundred, and although far from "great" in the pulpit, he practised the severest kind of morality, never kissed his wife on Sunday, chopped off his dog's tail because he was a sad dog, and would not cease wagging it on that day,—said dog ceased to be a wag, but made a most emphatic stump speech on the occasion—put stones on his children's heads of a Saturday night to check their growth, and tied up the weathercock to keep it from turning. Men said he was—a humbug.

A. owns a museum. He inherits it from his father. Contented with his collection as it is, he makes no wonderful additions or particular fuss about it. The people, tired of seeing the same things, call his stuffs, all stuff, his stereotyped learned dogs and quasi ventriloquists holding ideal conversations with Peter down cellar, all bosh; and, finally, himself—a humbug.

B. buys him out, and presto! change, the world is ransacked, and nature herself turn-

ed topsy-turvy, women of the ton, mere maids of six hundred weight, wait upon mermaids from Fegee, and preposterously pinguid juveniles, supposed to be from the Highlands—they have lived *high*, anyway—attend upon the fancied wants of salmon-tailed mermen from the Jolly-long-ways-off Group. *Lusus naturæ*, found in Sancho's dominions, sixty feet under ground, with nothing sticking out but the head, come trotting in, mounted upon woolly steeds from the peaks of Popocatepetl. The exhibition shop is all glare and glitter; many-colored lights flash from every window, and a dense crowd of musicians (?) from exalted balconies pour down terrific blasts upon the devoted heads and into the tortured ears of the passers-by; countless flags, streaming from every loop-hole, prove there is no flagging in his endeavors; people from all sorts of quarters and quarters from all sorts of people pour in; the world pays him tribute, and the world pronounce him—a humbug.

But May is a thorough-paced humbug, in the fullest acceptation of the term.

I had succeeded during the past winter in humbugging *myself* into the belief that May *was* what the poets have described her, instead of being as she is, a saucy jade, no better than she should be. I had read Thomson, and Wordsworth, and Goldsmith, and old Isaac, and Lamb, and Miss Mitford—wonderful fancy old maids have for country and cats—until I became as mad as a March hare about green fields and purling brooks, lost my appetite, couldn't sleep o' nights, and so the Doctor advised me to go into the country in May.

The opinion of doctors cannot always be depended upon, *e. g.*

A certain gentleman of an uncertain mind, or rather of mind that did not properly develop itself early in the morning, from some mysterious and unknown cause, had acquired, and was constantly acquiring a degree of pinguity and rotundity that was perfectly marvellous. He consulted the most eminent Esculapii without satisfactory result. They measured him daily, and found the rate of increase to be perfectly regular. At last he attained so orbicular a form that his friends deemed him worthy of Aldermanship, and in reality he appeared competent to represent a full board.

Unfortunately, he had never kept a noted dram-shop, run a line of omnibuses, conducted an eminent stone-cutting establishment, or distinguished himself extensively in the soap and candle way; and so, of course, had not the most remote chance of being elected.

Other things militated against his success. The lower had not kept pace with the upper man. His—I beg pardon, but I must say so—legs seemed specially diminutive, the manual terminations of his arms refused to lend a hand to any such Daniel Lambertism, and his face would not countenance the proceeding.

Consultation after consultation was held, but still the wonder grew, and the patient finally came to look for all the world as the Tun of Heidelberg might be supposed to, if it should walk off upon a pair of drumsticks.

The same similitude suggested itself to his physicians, and drumsticks naturally recalling a drum to their minds, they thought how much his round body was like one. From this point, by induction, they soon arrived at the fact that both drums and over-rotund mortals are frequently tapped, and so they tapped *him*.

The return made was, "no effects," and pronouncing it a decided case of "dry dropsy," they gave up the patient as a case, and the tapping as a bad *job*. One however, more persevering than the rest, caused a new instrument—something upon the pod-auger principle—to be prepared, and lo, after a deep incision, out it came filled with several hundred round pieces of linen.

The doctor was visited with an idea! He hemmed seven times, sucked the top of his cane for five minutes and a half, rubbed his nose violently, and having cleared his head by the use of his handkerchief, spoke:

"Mr. Blank, how often do you change your linen?"

"Every day."

"What do you do with that which you take off?"

"Dear me, I never thought of that. I am afraid that I have got it all on now."

And so it proved. I am happy to say that the *quondam* fat gentleman lived; and that, being a great sportsman, the linen wads suggested to him the invention of something similar for guns, from the profits of which manufacture he soon recuperated his fortune that had been seriously impaired by a too large expenditure in shirts.

However, trusting the doctor's word, I believed that a trip to the country was just what I needed, and trusting the poets' rhyme, I believed that May was precisely the month for such a trip. In order not to be deprived of one moment's enjoyment, I, after much study and consultation of proper authorities, drew up the following chart to regulate my daily pursuits while ruralizing. I divided the day into nine parts; five æsthetic, three gastronomic, and one soporific:

I. MATUTINAL.

Awakened by the carols of a thousand birds, not in cages; the May morning's early walk; admire the myriads of dewy gems that night has dropped on every shrub and grass, ere the am'rous sun shall have kissed them off.

II. PRANDIAL.

Breakfast, milk warm from its natural source, strawberries yet wet with dew, amber-colored coffee tinged with yellow cream, snowy rolls and golden butter, fragrant as the newly born rose.

III. PHILOSOPHIC.

The morning stroll; the lounge beneath the outspreading branches of some monarch of the woods; cigar, book, and meditation.

IV. RECUPERATIVE.

Dinner: meats uncontaminated by a city stall, prepared by a cook instructed by Dame Nature, and free from French abominations, vegetables of all kinds right from the garden and field, water pure from the spring.

V. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

The green wood: cigar, reverie, and siesta.

VI. REFLECTIVE.

The afternoon walk, through rich fields and by the side of tinkling brooks; deep thought, and arrangement of ideas for my evening's task.

VII. CŒNAL.

Supper: the whitest of bread, with milk yet foaming; berries from the field, and cream without chalk.

VIII. POETICAL.

Night: delicious zephyrs bathing my moist brow, and straying gently through my cool dormitory, illumined by the soft moonbeam; clear head, fertile imagination, immortal poetry.

IX. SOPORIFIC.

Sheets white as a snow-wreath, scented with rose leaves; sleep calm and refreshing as that of early infancy.

It must be confessed that the outline of my picture was rather pretty, but the filling of it up —!!!

May came at last, and how did she come? Oh, ye rural poets! where *do* ye expect to go to?

"Oh vernal May!"—oh green scribbler!—"Hail queen of flowers!" She *does* hail,

there's some truth in that, but if a queen, she never sees her subjects. "Oh gentle May!" Gentle? why, she is the veriest shrew of the twelve. She looks pretty and mild enough drawn with a wreath of wild flowers encircling her brow, the leaves and buds playing bo-peep among her gracefully waving locks, with not half so much clothing on her as decency demands, when "Many hang her, Brock!" she should be enwrapped in blankets, carry an umbrella, and wear pattens.

Flowers don't blow in May, sharp winds *do*. In the place of the sweet flowers we have heavy showers, for a gentle breeze a sharp freeze, and for red roses frosted noses.

I determined to remain a town martyr, at least until overcoats and coal fires could be dispensed with.

June found me ready for the venture, and I soon experienced, in hurrying up tailors, shoemakers, and washerwomen, in packing and unpacking my trunk half a dozen times, the first delights of travelling.

I reached the steamboat wharf in safety. The first thing that struck me was the absolute necessity of keeping a coroner's jury constantly empanelled upon the spot; the next was a trunk, which, coming in contact with my head, caused me to see quite a number of stars, not set forth in ordinary astronomical charts. The Milesian gentleman who carried it, politely requested me to mind my eye—which was more than HE had done—and to look out where I went, which was more than I *could* do, my eyes being momentarily put *hors de combat*, and looking as if I had just been in one.

I reached the boat; heaven knows how. A portion of one coat-tail was still in the possession of an old lady who had evinced a great desire to transact some business with me in the orange and gingerbread line, while the other *terminus* remained in the hand of an enterprising youth in the peripatetic literary way, who appeared very anxious to improve my mind with yellow covered pamphlets.

The instant my foot touched the deck, several packages, to which I had until that moment adhered with great tenacity, disappeared as if by magic, and I found myself in the very situation of the old woman in the nursery tale—not Giles Scroggins, as Bishop Hughes undertook to establish at a certain New England dinner, *he* was the gentleman who paid attention to Miss Molly Brown. If I *was* P. P. I had lost one carpet-bag, one fishing-rod, one parcel of books, and one umbrella. If I *was not* P. P. I had gained four limp cards, upon whose dingy

IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—SMITH!

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," JULY 19.

OUR age, among other curious phenomena, has produced a new religion, designated Mormonism, and a prophet, named Joe Smith. Within the last twenty-five years, the sect founded by this man has risen into a state, and swelled into the number of three hundred thousand. It exhibits fanaticism in its newest garb—homely, wild, vulgar fanaticism—singing hymns to nigger tunes, and seeing visions in the age of railways. This rise of the Mormons is, indeed, a curious and interesting feature of our age. In sectarian history nothing so strangely important has happened for a century at least.

In 1805 there was born in Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont, United States, a boy to the house of one Smith there. He was named Joseph. His parents—poor, industrious people—moved shortly afterwards to Palmyra, New York. Joseph was brought up as a farmer. Joseph, a vigorous, wild, uncultivated boy, seems to have been used to working from the beginning. His lot turned to the homely side of affairs in general. What he saw of daily life was the necessity of digging and clearing; what he heard of religious matters was through the medium of a squabbling violent fanatical sectarianism. Joe's career was the product of these two influences: his "religion" presents, accordingly, two marked phenomena;—immense practical industry, and pitiable superstitious delusion. What the Mormons do, seems to be excellent; what they say, is mostly nonsense.

At the very outset of the story, we are met by the marvellous. Joseph Smith, the ignorant rustic, sees visions, lays claim to inspiration, and pretends to communion with angels and with the Divinity Himself. He is a ploughboy, and aspires to be a prophet; he is at first what they call "wild," but repents; in his rude, coarse life, and narrow way, he really has a genuine interest in the Bible. In this disturbed variety of feelings the young Yankee grows up; he is, as you see pretty clearly, naturally shrewd—yet credulous. The neighbors are puzzled what to make of Joseph; he complains that "persecution" was his lot very early. The neighboring ministers did not listen very favorably to Joe's visions. The time for all that, they told him, was gone by; nobody had visions nowadays! But Joseph struggled on; for he felt some power in himself: felt that he was, in his way, a shining light—but, like many other shining lights, set in

a desperately thick horn lantern! The fact was, Joseph, naturally gifted, was wretchedly brought up. Perhaps it would be fair to say that he hoped to be able to do some good in his time; so rushed into his career with strategetic disguises to help him on. The world would not listen to plain Joe Smith junior, prophet, unaided. Joe Smith must have something to help him. In the Nineteenth century you must "rig" your spiritual market, Joe thought, as well as any other. So, to make things pleasant, he set about cooking up his own accounts of his own prophecies with a tale of the marvellous. Accordingly, in 1827, a rumor spread about among persons interested in these matters, that Joseph Smith junior had made a discovery of importance. Inspired by a vision, he had searched in a certain spot of ground, and there had discovered some records, written on "plates, apparently of gold," which contained, in Egyptian characters, an additional Bible! This was, indeed, the "Book of Mormon," from which the sect derive their name. The book professed to be a sacred and inspired narrative, reserved for the new prophet to usher into the world, and is thus described by one of the Mormon apostles:—

"The Book of Mormon contains the history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle, in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, saw fit to make an abridgment of their history, their prophecies, and their doctrine, which he engraved on plates, and afterwards, being slain, the record fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and should be brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation, who should possess the land. The deposit was made about the year four hundred and twenty, on a hill then called Cumora, now in Ontario county, where it was preserved in safety until it was brought to light by no less than the ministry of angels, and translated by inspiration. And the great Jehovah bore record of the same to chosen witnesses, who declare it to the world."

This book is extant (in its printed English form, of course) in the British Museum, and resembles the Scriptures about as much as a paraphrase of the Pentateuch by Moses and Son's poet! It appears from all the evidence, in fact, that this book of Mormon was founded on a historical romance, written by an American author some years before Prophet Smith's time, which fell, while still in M.S., into the hands of a friend of the prophet's, and which was sublimated into an "inspired" state by the prophet and a personal acquaintance. It was followed by a book of doctrines and covenants.

Not long after their publication, the success of these works was so great, that Joseph's faith in his own fabrications appears to have become wonderfully strengthened; and he began, poor fellow, to believe in himself, and to take up prophecy as a trade. He had occasional "revelations" to suit each new phase in his career. He professed also to work miracles, and to cast devils out of the bodies of brother Tomkins and brother Gibbs, whenever those worthy men were troubled with them.

The sect increased with great rapidity. It gained converts everywhere in the States. The disciples took the name of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." They held that these present days are the "latter" ones, preparatory to the Millennium. A material, eminently Jonathonian form of Christianity organized itself gradually—Joseph had apostles and disciples; once more the world saw a man believed in by his fellow-men, and revered as sacred.

It sounds strange to hear of a church having a "location." But a "location" was the term they applied to their place of settlement. Their first one was in Jackson County, Missouri. Here was to be the "New Jerusalem." Picture to yourself loaded wagons travelling westward; canal boats swimming low and deep down the rivers—the tall brawny prophet with dark eyes—the Church is on its way! One likes to see a love of the beautiful in Joe. Joe looks round the landscape, and sees "the great rolling prairies like a sea of meadows." Here was Zion at last, and Joseph had a "revelation" on the subject. His revelations are the oddest compositions—scriptural phrase and sturdy business-details blended. "*Verily I say unto you*, let my servant Sidney Gilbert plant himself in this place and establish a store!" This is an odd weaving together of velvet and fustian: like using Raphael's "Madonna" for a public house sign.

Prophets, we all know, are persecuted in all ages. Joe was no exception. But unhap-

pily Joseph was ludicrously persecuted. He was a martyr; but a martyr to practical jokes. The brawny man was dragged from his bed one night by a horde of Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and other burning zealots. Wild cries are heard through the night air; the prophet is hauled along furiously, orthodoxy buffeting him right and left—Where is the tar-bucket?

The fatal bucket—black and calm as a pool of Erebus—is brought. Joe is ferociously anointed with pitch; the thick dark fluid sticks all over him, and causes the plumage mercilessly coated over his sacred person to adhere as tightly as if he had been really blessed with wings. A saint tarred and feathered is, indeed, a new chapter in the Book of Martyrs. The faith that could survive so tremendous a bathos was impregnable, and showed the unbounded power of the prophet over his followers. It took the whole night for the "inspired" friends of the prophet to cleanse his revered and canonised kin! Yet, scarred and bleared as he was—raw as some goose plucked alive—Joe preached the next day to his own egregious multitude.

The agitation in Jackson County, Missouri, by degrees grew furious: there were Mormon newspapers and anti-Mormon newspapers; and when the pen and the leading article had done their worst, the sword, (the States' name for which is "bowie-knife,") the bludgeon, and the revolver were brought into play. Judge Lynch—who never is to be bothered with juries, and decides in a second on his own responsibility—was continually invoked; and there were perpetual scenes of bloodshed. In the end, the war waxed too hot even for the dauntless Joseph. When he found that active valor was of no avail against his enemies, he betook himself to the courage of discretion; the passive and better part of valor. He went away. In May, 1834, the entire community packed up its "notions," and effected a successful exode.

We find that after their expulsion from Missouri, they migrated to Illinois, and mustered fifteen thousand souls. Here they established a city, which they called "Nauvoo," or the "Beautiful," and by the consent of everybody, worked right well. Joe was mayor, president, prophet; spiritual and temporal head of the settlement. They now began to send out missionaries, and to build a temple of polished white limestone. It was one hundred and thirty-eight feet in length, and eighty-eight in breadth, surmounted by a pyramidal tower; and was so elevated on a rising ground that it stood in the sight of the whole population. The

Mormons spent a million of dollars on this edifice.

We now view Joe at the summit of his career. Joe has military rank, and reviews his troops as Lieutenant-General. Drums beat, and flags are waved. He rides abroad a King. His work is now nearly done. The city grows around him daily; houses with gardens spring up; the hum of the mill is constantly heard. Every visitor to Nauvoo describes the prosperity of the place as marvellous. The solid element of the religion invented by Joseph Smith is, that it inculcates work; hard, useful, wealth-creating labor. The Prophet also incorporated into his creed a thorough appreciation of relaxation. That all work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack, nobody knew better than Joe. One does not like to speak with levity of a prophet; but, perhaps, the exact adjective for Joe's religion is—jolly! An air of jollity attends the faith. It is a jovial heresy; a heresy that "don't go home till morning!" Thus, after some squabbling, a small fight or two (not more intestine dissension than falls to the lot of most new communities) the two grand desiderata of this life were realized—prosperity and ease. It was soon spread abroad that one of the first things realized in this good, substantial town of Nauvoo, was plenty to eat and drink. In consequence, Joe's disciples increased by the thousand. All sorts of pleasant fellows who loved an easy life flocked thitherward.

There was, travellers say, a healthy, happy look about the place. Life rolled along there in a clear, vigorous way, like the flood of the Mississippi hard by. Joe himself is described as a "cheerful, social companion." So very social in his tastes, that there got about a rumor that he had a tendency to make "Nauvoo" into a kind of New World Oriental Paradise. One of his apostles, Sidney Rigdon, broached a doctrine concerning "spiritual wives," which excited great scandal.

We have read one or two of Joe's published letters; they show a shrewd, hard-headed fellow. He writes to one man—"facts, like diamonds, not only cut glass, but they are the most precious diamonds on earth." There is a sturdy self-assertion about him; and that self-assertion is perpetuated; for the Mormons seem to differ from other sects chiefly in believing the continued inspiration of their prophets. Their faith—with its materialism, its rude hopes, its belief in the superiority of their best teachers, its heartiness in physical labor—is indeed a piece of genuine Transatlantic life, likely to hold together long. Their belief in their "Book of Mormon" implies a rugged, ignorant belief in Holy

Writ, too. To speak seriously of our prophet, Joe Smith, we should say that the sturdy, illiterate, shrewd Yankee conceived power in him to do a work; brooding over the Bible in his youth, and seeing it through the hazy eyes of his rude ignorance, such a man, with a warm heart, might fancy many strange things. Orthodoxy should consider whose fault it is that Joe Smithism could erect itself into a sect; orthodoxy should look at the three hundred thousand souls, and reflect on them. The ruling powers of the world should stoop to learn lessons of these things. Balaam learned something very important from the speaking of his poor ass. The ass saw the angel when respectable Balaam could not. In Roman history, when anything terrible was happening to the republic, we find—*bos locutus est!* Things are bad indeed when the very ox has to have his say!

We now come to the close of Joe's earthly career. The peace and prosperity of Nauvoo were soon interrupted. The prophet's old Missourian enemies keep harassing him with litigation; and some bad sheep in his own flock gave him great trouble. "At this time he appears to have been quite as convinced of the divinity of his mission, as the most credulous of his disciples," says his latest historian. No such thing: what good he was destined to do, he had now done—and for the bad he was about to pay. There were dissenters from Joe's Church; heretics to his heterodoxy; who looked on the prophet as a humbug. These were not genuine believers; but wretched, cunning impostors, who were never "deluded;" being far too bad for any such innocent exercise of faith. These committed acts of licentiousness (such as cannot be proved against Joe), and he had to excommunicate some of them. They started a newspaper, called the "Nauvoo Expositor." In this they calumniated Joseph so vilely that his supporters rose; two hundred men attacked the office of the journal armed with muskets, swords, pistols, and axes, and reduced it to ashes.

The proprietors, editors, reporters, compositors, and pressmen of the journal fled to the town of Carthage, and applied for a warrant against Joseph, his brother Hiram, and sixteen others. The warrant was served on Joseph as Mayor, and he refused to acknowledge its validity. Illinois instantly made preparations for civil war. Mormons gathered from all parts, and Anti-Mormons likewise. Governor Ford took the field; Nauvoo was fortified. Everywhere resounded the note of preparation for war.

Governor Ford issued a proclamation calling on Joseph Smith and his brother to sur-

render, pledging his word that they should be protected. They agreed, accordingly, to stand their trial; Joe, however, observing, with a sad, calm heart, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter, but I am calm as a summer's morning!" (the tranquil, life-enjoying prophet!) "I shall die innocent."

We now are to picture the brothers in prison. Their assailants prowl uneasily round the walls; there is a desperate hungry uneasiness about the mob—they are afraid Joe will escape. One can fancy their murmuring reaching the prophet's ears—the low, murderous humming, every now and then.

The evening of the 27th of June, 1844, came—it had been a warm summer day in the Western country. The brothers were standing chatting with two friends in an upstairs room of their house of detention. There was a rattle of musketry. They sprang forward against the door—a bullet went through it. They sprang backwards. Open flew the door, and an armed mob with blackened faces came in. A flash and a roar, and down went Hiram Smith, shot. Joe's revolver snapped three times, missing fire. He made a bound to the window. Two balls struck him from the door—one struck him from the window. There was one wild cry from his heart, "O Lord, my God!"—and down he fell out of the window on the ground. They propped him against a wall there, and shot at him again, as his bleeding body drooped forward from it. Four bullets were found in his body—and will, peradventure, be carried to the credit side of his life-account.

After his death, the Mormons had a time of sad tribulation, a time of troubles from within and without. It is easy to see that sectarian ferocity was at the bottom of the persecution they met with. Governor Ford issued a proclamation denying for himself any belief in their having committed certain crimes attributed to them; and some time before, the celebrated Henry Clay had expressed his "lively interest" in their progress, and his "sympathy with their sufferings." But the neighbors could not be pacified; the Mormons had to go away west, once more; and the town they had built was reduced to ashes. They crossed the Mississippi, and set out for the "Great Salt Lake Valley,"—away beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Their passage is one of the most marvelous things on record. Colonel Kane of the United States, who travelled with them, has left an extremely interesting account of it. We hear of wagons crossing the Mississippi on the ice; of weary journeys across wild prairies; long chill nights of dead cold; sickness and death; graves dotting all the

line of march; seed sown here and there, with thoughtful benevolence, that after voyagers might find a crop growing for them. Then there were halts when "tabernacle camps" were pitched, and hymns were chanted. The prairies heard—

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept,"

sung there. Their depth of faith through that dreary journey was wonderful; it seems to have warmed them like actual fire.

They established themselves in the State of Deseret, and some of their body were the first who discovered the gold of California. But it seems that the colony did not send many there; they esteem it their proper office to "raise grain, and to build cities." They claim, too, the distinction of living in better and higher relation to the Indian tribes than any settlers have yet done.

We have scattered up and down such remarks as we thought would illustrate Joe Smith's career. Let us say a word of the Mormon organization.

The Mormons are governed by elders, priests, teachers, exhorters, and deacons. An apostle is an elder, and baptizes and ordains. The priest teaches, expounds, and administers sacraments. The teacher watches over the church, and sees that there is no iniquity; he exercises, in fact, a kind of censorship. The elders meet in conference every three months; and the presiding elder or president is ordained by the direction of a high council or general conference.

By the latest accounts, the Great Salt Lake City prospers very well. It is the capital of the state of "Deseret," with boundaries of immense extent. They stretch from thirty-three degrees of northern latitude, to a point where they intersect the one hundred and eighth degree of western longitude. Thence they run to the south-west, to rejoin the northern frontier of Mexico, and follow to the west, even to its mouth, the bed of the River Gila, which separates the state of Deseret from the Mexican frontiers. The line of separation further runs along the frontier of Lower California to the Pacific Ocean. It remounts the side towards the north-west, as far as one hundred and eight degrees thirty minutes of west longitude, while it trends towards the north to the point where this line meets the principal crest of Sierra Nevada. The boundaries stretch still northwards along this chain till it meets with that which separates the waters of Columbia, and those waters which are lost in the great basin. They then double towards the east, to follow this last chain, which separates the waters of the Gulf of Mexico from those of the Gulf of Cali-

foria, at the point of departure. Such are the boundaries as described on a map published by order of the Senate of the United States.

Accessions to the Mormon community are being fast made from this country; a fact we learn from a well drawn-up volume of the "National Illustrated Library," entitled, "The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints: a Contemporary History." Another authority avers that from Liverpool alone, fifteen thousand emigrants have turned their faces to the new Mormon Mecca in Deseret, with the view of making it their future home. "Under the name of Latter-Day Saints," says one Mr. Johnston's "Notes of North America," "the delusions of the system are hidden from the masses by the emissaries who have been despatched into various countries to recruit their numbers

among the ignorant and devoutly-inclined lovers of novelty. Who can tell what two centuries may do in the way of giving an historical position to this rising heresy?"

Nauvoo was a neglected ruin, when M. Cabet, the spirited speculator in "Icarie," thought the site more salubrious than Texas, and resolved to establish a French colony there. His party arrived at the spot in 1849. We see from a letter of M. Cabet's, that the system he has established is "a commonalty, founded on fraternity and equality, on education and work."

The American journals also afford a favourable account of the progress of Nauvoo. It will be a matter of philosophical interest to see how a colony, founded on social impulses, will advance in comparison with another founded on religious ones.

THE POET.

PROPHETS and poets were of old
Made of the same celestial mould.
True poets are a saint-like race,
And with the gift receive the grace;
Of their own songs the virtue feel,
Warm'd with an heav'n-enkindled zeal.

A poet should have heat and light;
Of all things a capacious sight;
Serenity with rapture join'd;
Aims noble; eloquence refined,
Strong, modest; sweetness to endear;
Expressions lively, lofty, clear.

High thoughts; an admirable theme;
For decency a chaste esteem;
For harmony a perfect skill;
Just characters of good and ill;
And all concentr'd—souls to please,
Instruct, inflame, melt, calm, and ease.

Such graces can nowhere be found
Except on consecrated ground;
Where poets fix on God their thought,
By sacred inspiration taught;
Where each poetic votary sings
In heavenly strains of heavenly things.

BP. KEN.

COLLEGE LIFE.

EVERY man who has rubbed his shoulder against a college-wall is aware that each such institution of learning and mischief has in use a certain number of cant phrases and queer customs peculiar to itself, some of ancient and some of modern origin.

The production of a collection of college words and customs will, without doubt, tend to the perpetuation and extension of many things more honored in the breach than in the observance. And yet a glance at the pages of the book before us will bring back many a smile and pleasing recollection to grave men who have forgotten their youthful follies, and are prepared to frown upon them when reflected in their children.

The three most mischievous imps in creation are a monkey, a midshipman, and a freshman. The latter enters college, his memory stored with wondrous tales of the bold feats of his predecessors, his ambition fired with the idea of eclipsing them, and a firm conviction that it is his bounden duty to make as great noise and annoy Professors and classmates as much as he can with any degree of safety to himself. As he advances in his college life he abandons the stereotyped tricks of the youngest class for fun more refined in its nature, and evincing more of wit in conception and execution. Perhaps the acme of cool impudence is attained about the close of the sophomore year. We have no tangible authority for so saying, but yet will guarantee that none but a sophomore was the hero of the following anecdote:—

CHOPPING LOGIC AND CUTTING ANSWERS.

"Dr. —, in *propria personâ*, called upon a Southern student one morning in the recitation-room to define logic. The question was something in this form:

"Mr. —, What is logic?"

"Logic, sir, is the art of reasoning."

"Aye; but I wish you to give the definition in the exact words of the *learned author*."

"Oh, sir, he gives a very long, intricate, confused definition, with which I did not think proper to burden my memory."

"Are you aware who the learned author is?"

"Oh yes; your honor, sir."

"Well then, I fine you one dollar for disrespect."

Taking out a two dollar note, the student said with the utmost *sang-froid*

"If you will change this I will pay you on the spot."

"I fine you another dollar, sir," said the Professor, emphatically, 'for repeated disrespect.'

"Then 'tis just the change, sir," said the student, coolly."

A very cool answer from a sophomore is indelibly recorded among the memories of our college days.

Professor — had a peculiarly red nose; so red, indeed, that it was usually deemed a sign that the interior of the temple was dedicated to Bacchus. Upon this point the Professor was peculiarly sensitive.

One day a chestnut propelled by some invisible hand, hurtled across the room, and came so violently in contact with the learned gentleman's bald pate, that glancing off, it spun almost up to the ceiling.

"Mr. F—," thundered out the Professor, "that was you, sir; I know it sir; don't deny it, sir, your blushes betray you, sir."

"Do you think that I blush, sir?" modestly asked the student.

"Blush?" retorted the Professor. "Your face is as red as a beet."

"Pardon me, sir," replied F., "I think its only the reflection of light; *perhaps you looked at me over your nose*."

Among the most amusing pages are those devoted to an account of the "Medical Faculty Society" of Harvard, which commenced its funny existence in 1818 and terminated it in 1834. Distinguished persons very frequently—much to their surprise—received advices of honorary membership. A triennial catalogue in very porcine Latin was issued in imitation of the Triennial of the college, and in it, persons who had acquired some ridiculous notoriety, frequently found themselves suddenly immortalized and placed in very queer company. Among those upon whom honorary degrees were conferred, we find Christophe of Hayti, William Cobbett, John C. Symmes, Alexander the First of Russia,—who was so completely deceived by the appearance of the sheepskin that he forwarded a valuable present to the society; Andrew Jackson, Pop Emmons, Day & Martin, Sam Patch, Chang and Eng, Martin Van Buren, the Sea Serpent, Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and the Rev. Isaac Fiddler; rather a heterogenous collection. Thus reads a portion of the record:

ANDREW JACKSON. Major General in bello ultimo Americano, et Nov. Orleans Heros fatissimus; et ergo nunc Præsedis Rerumpub.

Fœd. numeris *candidatus* et "Old Hickory," M.D., et M.U.D., 1827. Med. Fac. honorarius, et 1829 Præse Rerumpub. Fœd. et LL.D., 1833.

GULIELMUS EMMONS. Prænominatus Pickleius, qui orator elequentissimus nostræ ætatis; poma, nuces, *panem-zin-zigiberis* suas orationes, "*Egg-popque*" vendit, D.M. Med. Fac. honorarius.

"SAMUEL PATCH. Socius multum deploratus, qui multa experimenta de gravitate et 'faciles descensus.' Suo corpore fecit; qui gradum, M.D. *per saltum* consecutus est. Med. Fac. honorarius.

"MARTIN VAN BUREN, *Armig.* Civitatis Scriba Reipub. Fœd. apud Aul. Brit. Legat. Extraord. sibi constitutus. Reip. Nov. Ebor. Gub. "Don Wiskerandos;" "Little Dutchman;" atque "Great Rejected." Nunc (1832) Rerumpub. Fœd. Vice-Præse. et "Kitchen Cabinet" Moderator. M.D. et Med. Fac. honorarius.

"MAGNUS SERPENS MARIS. Suppositus, aut porpoises aut horse-Mackerel, grex; "very like a whale" (Shak.); M.D. et peculiariter M.U.D. Med. Fac. honorarius.

"CAPT. BASIL HALL, TABITHA TROLLOPE atque ISAACUS FIDDLER REVERENDUS. Semi-pay centurio, famelica transfuga. et semicoctus grammaticeaster, qui scriptitant solum ut prandere possint. Tres in uno. Mard. Mornch. Prof. M.D., M.U.D. et Med. Fac. Honorarium."

Complaints to the Faculty of Harvard, from some of the parties so distinguished, at last resulted in the breaking up of the society.

The "*commons*" have always been a fruitful subject for complaint among students. We find recorded,

THE SAD EFFECTS OF TOO MUCH LAMB.

"The students, after eating this kind of meat for five or six consecutive weeks, would often assemble before the steward's house, and, as if their nature had been changed by their diet, would bleat and blatter until he was fain to promise them a change of food, upon which they would separate until a recurrence of the same evil compelled them to the same measure."

There was probably an *emeute*, at least, if

not revolution among the students, when the following event occurred:

PROBABLE RISE IN PROVISIONS.

"Exhibition, 1791, April 20th. This morning Tropier was rusticated, and Sullivan suspended to Groton for nine months, for mingling *tartar emetic* with our commons on the morning of April 12th.

"May 21. Ely was suspended to Amherst for five months, for assisting Sullivan and Tropier in mingling *tartar emetic* with our commons."

Freshmen in the earlier, as in our days, were often even with their seniors, for their abuse and oppression. We remember a case in point. A high-spirited young man who had lately entered, in passing beneath the windows of a sophomore, received the contents of a pail of not over clean water. A tutor was in sight at the time; but, regardless of that, the freshman seized a brick which he threw with such precision that it broke the sash, and did some considerable mischief in the room. The sophomore complained of the other for breaking his windows. The latter's defence was, that he did not throw a brick at the former's windows, but at the head of a person who had thrown filthy water upon him. He was acquitted, and his adversary dismissed. In the following instance, the gentleman must have received

TOO MANY PIPES FOR A DOLLAR.

"A freshman was once furnished with a dollar, and ordered by one of the upper classes to procure for him pipes and tobacco from the furthest store on Long Wharf, a good mile distant. Being at that time compelled by college laws to obey the unreasonable demand, he proceeded according to order, and returned with ninety-nine cents worth of pipes, and one penny-worth of tobacco. It is needless to add that he was not again sent on a similar errand."

There are other things, however, in the volume than college mischief. The author has evidently expended much labor in examining old and curious authorities, and deserves credit for the matter of his book, and the manner of arranging it.

PROUDLY our bosoms beat to claim,
Communion with our country's fame,
At mention of each gallant name,
From Bunker's Hill to Chippewa!
All who on battle-field or wave,
Have met the death that waits the brave,
Or pealed above the victor's grave,
The victor's wild huzzah!

"The Croakers," by F. G. HALLECK.

THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

MR. FIELDS has collected together a new volume, the fifth, of the writings of the English Opium Eater, an author but recently known to the public only by a single book, the celebrated "Confessions." There were few readers, however, of the better magazine literature of the day, who had not in some degree experienced the subtle influences of his style and thinking. In the old London, in Blackwood, in Tait, and latterly the North British Review, were scattered with a prodigal hand some of the finest intellectual deductions of the age. Amidst the crowd of periodical contributions from various pens, the reader frequently comes upon an article, opening with a speculation which glides into a species of philosophical narration, where the human mind is the hero, and thought the incident, the style swelling on with a full current of feeling, laden with the sweetest and at times grandest musical cadences. This article—winding and penetrating in the treatment of its subject—is the work of De Quincey. No other authorship resembles it. The English language has, and has had, numerous philosophical critics of keen insight, profound thought, and rare enthusiasm, who have wedded speculation to the affairs of daily life, and called forth the half-framed ideas, the lurking sensibilities of the public; but there is no one of them who moves with the ease, full sweep, and untiring wing of De Quincey. Hazlitt fretted his argument with golden fire, Coleridge dropped his plummet deep, and may so, and with higher unction, have *talked*; Lamb was epigrammatic, and gave crystals, not veins of ore; De Quincey, with unbroken fulness of style, holds due on in continuous logic and compulsive course "to the Propontick and the Hellespont."

The present volume of the collection of these papers (which originates entirely on this side of the water, English publishers, and the author himself, appearing quite too indifferent to such a reputation) is from the less known of the author's periodical contributions; but they embrace the old range of topics, and throw many new and powerful lights upon incidents and speculations treated in the *Suspiria*, and other portions of the author's writings. They include early traits of education, family history, Oxford, London, and German literature.

Give the Opium Eater a fact which has once come home to his own consciousness, and he will pierce the underlying sentiment,

infusing new vitality into all its relations and accessories. It grows and expands in its spiritual development till the common-place statement becomes a universe of sensation and emotion. Every reader of the *Confessions* remembers his apostrophe to a London street—"So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children"—and the continuation of the sentiment to subsequent "innumerable hearts." There is a similar aggrandizement of perception and feeling in this tribute to

LONDON.

"It was a most heavenly day in May of this year (1800), when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, as to me it was, the city—no! not the city, but the nation—of London. Often have I since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence, viz. in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, by the force of its attractive power, as measured by the never-ending succession of the droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they were moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating night and day, summer and winter, and hurrying for ever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, and the endless tributes to the skill or to the luxury of her endless population, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding on this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are, except in ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage; and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes and roads comparatively quiet and shady, collateral to the main ones, where any such could be found. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road; what I mean is, the whirl and uproar, the tumult and the agitation which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last eight or ten miles before you reach the suburbs. Already at three stages' distance upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object in your

neighborhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western, you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage; nobody says, on pulling up, 'Horses on to London'—that would sound ludicrous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom*; and the stream at length becomes a rush. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio*? Not anything peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the vibration of the ground to grow upon the ear in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favor, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London, such as Islington for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metropolis, forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his own utter insignificance. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriages, attendants (if you travel with any) are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity: at all events you are seen. But after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the aggregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were or seemed to be at starting, squire or 'squireen,' lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you slipt your cable,—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props), in a forest of America."

This passage shows, too, De Quincey's skilful use of fact; indeed, his facts are ideas:

"How much is overlooked

In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character presents
To an attentive eye."

In the paper on Travelling there is a characteristic passage, illustrating the pro-

gress of an idea of which we have spoken. The consideration of the increasing means of locomotion, leads him to the development of

AN ORGANIC POLITICAL SYSTEM.

"The revolution in the system of travelling, naturally suggested by my position in Birmingham, and in the whole apparatus, means, machinery, and dependencies of that system—a revolution begun, carried through, and perfected within the period of my own personal experience—merits a word or two of illustration in the most cursory memoirs that profess any attention at all to the shifting scenery of the age and the principles of motion at work, whether manifested in great effects or in little. And these particular effects, though little, when regarded in their separate details, are *not* little in their final amount. On the contrary, I have always maintained that in a representative government, where the great cities of the empire must naturally have the power, each in its proportion, of reacting upon the capital and the councils of the nation in so conspicuous a way, there is a result waiting on the final improvements of the arts of travelling, and of transmitting intelligence with velocity, such as cannot be properly appreciated in the absence of all historical experience. Conceive a state of communication between the centre and the extremities of a great people, kept up with a uniformity of reciprocation so exquisite as to imitate the flowing and ebbing of the sea, or the systole and diastole of the human heart; day and night, waking and sleeping, not succeeding to each other with more absolute certainty than the acts of the metropolis and the controlling notice of the provinces, whether in the way of support or of resistance. Action and reaction from every point of the compass being thus perfect and instantaneous, we should then first begin to understand, in a practical sense, what is meant by the unity of a political body, and we should approach to a more adequate appreciation of the powers which are latent in organization. For it must be considered that hitherto, under the most complex organization, and that which has best attained its purposes, the national will has never been able to express itself upon one in a thousand of the public acts, simply because the national voice was lost in the distance, and could not collect itself through the time and the space rapidly enough to connect itself immediately with the evanescent measure of the moment. But as the system of intercourse is gradually expanding, these bars of space and time are in the same degree contracting, until finally we may expect them altogether to vanish: and then the whole empire, in every part, will react upon the whole through the central forces, with the power, life, and effect of immediate conference amongst parties brought face to face. Then first will be seen a political system truly *organic*—i. e. in which each acts upon all, and all react upon each: and a new earth will arise

from the indirect agency of this merely physical revolution."

"My Brother" is a kind of spiritual narrative of the fate of one of his family, who was driven from school by the cruelties of a teacher to a life at sea, and consequent series of vicissitude and disaster. One of the prefatory reflections with which this story is introduced, we commend to the consideration of those Officers of our Navy, whose thoughts are intent on the return of Corporal Punishment.

A THOUGHT FOR MAN AS MAN.

"Thanks be to God, in that point, at least, for the dignity of human nature, that, amongst the many, many cases of reform held by some of us, or destined, however, in defiance of all opinions, eventually to turn out chimerical, this one, at least, never can be defeated, injured, or eclipsed. As man grows more intellectual, the power of managing him by his intellect and his moral nature, in utter contempt of all appeals to his mere animal instincts of pain, must go on *pari passu*. And, if a 'Te Deum,' or an 'O, Jubilate!' were to be celebrated by all nations and languages for any one advance and absolute conquest over wrong and error won by human nature in our times—yes, not excepting

"The bloody writing by all nations torn"—

the abolition of the commerce in slaves—to my thinking, that festival should be for the mighty progress made towards the suppression of brutal, bestial modes of punishment. Nay, I may call them worse than bestial; for a man of any goodness of nature does not willingly or needlessly resort to the spur or the lash with his horse or with his hound. But, with respect to man, if he will not be moved or won over by conciliatory means, by means that presuppose him a reasonable creature, then let him die, confounded in his own vileness: but let not me, let not the man (that is to say) who has him in his power, dishonor himself by inflicting punishments, violating that image of human nature which, not in any vague rhetorical sense, but upon a religious principle of duty (the human person is expressly exalted in Scripture, under the notion that it is 'the temple of the Holy Ghost'), ought to be a consecrated thing in the eyes of all good men; and of this we may be assured—this, which I am now going to say, is more sure than day or night—that, in proportion as man, *as man*, is honored, raised, exalted, trusted, in that proportion will he become more worthy of honor, of exaltation, of trust."

The method in which one schoolmaster defeated this ennobling view of life, is thus told:—

"Well, this schoolmaster had very different views of man and his nature. He not only thought that physical coercion was the one sole engine by which man could be managed, but—

on the principle of that common maxim which declares that, when two schoolboys meet, with powers at all near to a balance, no peace can be expected between them until it is fairly put to the trial, and settled *who* is the master—on that same principle, he fancied that no pupil could adequately or proportionably reverence his master, until he had settled the precise proportion of superiority in animal powers by which his master was in advance of himself. Strength of blows only could ascertain *that*: and, as he was not very nice about creating his opportunities, as he plunged at once '*in medias res*,' and more especially when he saw or suspected any rebellious tendencies, he soon picked a quarrel with my unfortunate brother. Not, be it observed, that he much cared for a well-looking or respectable quarrel. No. I have been assured that, even when the most fawning obsequiousness had appealed to his clemency, in the person of some timorous new-comer, appalled by the reports he had heard—even in such cases (deeming it wise to impress, from the beginning, a salutary awe of his Jovian thunders), he made a practice of doing thus:—He would speak loud, utter some order, not very clearly, perhaps, as respected the sound, but with *perfect* perplexity as regarded the sense, to the timid, sensitive boy upon whom he intended to fix a charge of disobedience. 'Sir, if you please, what was it that you said?'—'What was it that I said? What! playing upon my words? Chopping logic? Strip, sir; strip this instant.' Thenceforward this timid boy became a serviceable instrument in his equipage. Not only was he a proof, even without co-operation on the master's part, that extreme cases of submission could not insure mercy, but also he, this boy, in his own person, breathed forth, at intervals, a dim sense of awe and worship—the religion of fear—towards the grim Moloch of the scene. Hence, as by electrical conductors, was conveyed throughout every region of the establishment a tremulous sensibility that vibrated towards the centre."

The result was, the scholar fled. There is one trait of De Quincey's style which we have not yet noticed—the humor of which it is made the vehicle—for essential humor the Opium Eater possesses in no ordinary degree. It is abundantly exhibited in this narrative of the treatment which the refugee experienced from a landlord at Liverpool. The town-hall, magistracy, and all are completely idealized:

ADVENTURE AT LIVERPOOL.

"My brother went to an inn, after his long, long journey to Liverpool, foot-sore—for he had walked through many days, and, from ignorance of the world, combined with excessive shyness—oh! how shy do people become from pride!—had not profited by those well known incidents upon English high-roads—return post-chaises, stage-coaches, led horses, or wagons)

—foot-sore and eager for sleep. Sleep, supper, breakfast in the morning—all these he had; so far his slender finances reached; and for these he paid the treacherous landlord: who then proposed to him that they should take a walk out together, by way of looking at the public buildings and the docks. It seems the man had noticed my brother's beauty, some circumstances about his dress inconsistent with his mode of travelling, and also his style of conversation. Accordingly, he wiled him along from street to street, until they reached the Town Hall. 'Here *seems* to be a fine building,' said this Jesuitical knave, as if it had been some recent discovery—a sort of Luxor or Palmyra, that he had unexpectedly lit upon amongst the undiscovered parts of Liverpool—'Here seems to be a fine building; shall we go in and ask leave to look at it?' My brother thinking less of the spectacle than the spectator, whom, in a wilderness of man, naturally he wished to make his friend, consented readily. In they went; and, by the merest accident, Mr. Mayor and the town-council were then sitting. The treacherous landlord communicated privately an account of his suspicions to his Worship. He himself conducted my brother, under pretence of discovering the best station for picturesque purposes, to the particular box for prisoners at the bar. This was not suspected by the poor boy, not even when Mr. Mayor began to question him. He still thought it an accident, though doubtless he blushed excessively on being questioned, and questioned so impertinently, in public. The object of the Mayor and of other Liverpool gentlemen then present [this happened in 1802] was, to ascertain my brother's real rank and family: for he persisted in representing himself as a poor wandering boy. Various means were vainly tried to elicit this information; until at length—like the wily Ulysses, who mixed with his peddler's budget of female ornaments and attire, a few arms, by way of tempting Achilles to a self-detection in the court of Lycomedes—one gentleman counselled the Mayor to send for a Greek Testament. This was done; the Testament was presented open at St. John's Gospel to my brother, and he was requested to say whether he knew in what language that book was written; or whether perhaps he could furnish them with a translation from the page before him. Human vanity in this situation was hardly proof against such an appeal. The poor boy fell into the snare: he construed a few verses; and immediately he was consigned to the care of a gentleman who won from him by kindness what he had refused to importunities or menaces."

A frequent vein of our author's anecdote and speculation, is to be seen in this passage:—

THREE VIOLATIONS OF PROPORTION.

"Three times in my life I have had my taste, that is, my sense of proportions, memorably outraged. Once was, by a painting of Cape Horn,

which seemed almost treasonably below its rank and office in the world,—as the terminal abutment of our mightiest continent, and also the hinge or point, as it were, of our greatest circumnavigations,—of all, in fact, which can be called our *classical* circumnavigations. To have 'doubled Cape Horn'—at one time, what a sound it had!—Yet how ashamed we should be, if that Cape were ever to be seen from the moon! A party of Englishmen, I have heard, went up to Mount Etna, during the night, to be ready for sunrise,—a common practice with tourists, both in Switzerland, Wales, Cumberland, &c.; but as all who take the trouble to reflect, not likely to repay the trouble; and so thought, in the sequel, the Etna party. The sun, indeed, rose visibly, and not more apparelled in clouds than was desirable: yet so disappointed were they with the whole effect, and so disgusted with the sun in particular, that they unanimously *hissed* him; though of course it was useless to cry 'off! off!' Here, however, the fault was in their own erroneous expectations, and not in the sun, who, doubtless, did his best. For, generally, a sunrise and a sunset ought to be seen from the valley or horizontally,—not, as the man of Kentuck expressed it, *slantindicularly*. But as to Cape Horn, *that* (by comparison with its position and its functions) seems really a disgrace to the planet; for, consider, it is not only the 'specular mount,' keeping watch and ward over a sort of trinity of oceans, and by all tradition, the gate of entrance to the Pacific, but also it is the temple of the god Terminus, for all the Americas. So that, in relation to such dignities, it seemed to me, in the drawing, a make-shift, put up by a carpenter, until the true Cape Horn should be ready, or perhaps a drop scene from the Opera House. This was one case of disproportion: the others were—the final and ceremonial valediction of Garrick, on retiring from his profession; and the Pall Mall inauguration of George IV. on the day of his accession to the throne. The utter *irrelation*, in both cases, of the audience to the scene (*audience*, I say, as say we must, for the sum of the spectators in the second instance, as well as of the auditors in the first), threw upon each a ridicule not to be effaced. It is in any case impossible for an actor to say words of farewell to those for whom he really designs his farewell. He cannot bring his true object before himself. To whom is it that he would offer his last adieus? We are told by one,—who, if he loved Garrick, certainly did not love Garrick's profession, nor would even, through him, have paid it any undue compliment, that the retirement of this great artist had 'eclipsed the gaiety of nations.' To nations then, to his own generation, it was that he owed his farewell: but of a generation, what organ is there which can sue or be sued, that can thank or be thanked? Neither by fiction, nor by delegation, can you bring their bodies into court. A king's audience, on the other hand, *might* be had as an authorized representative body.

But, when we consider the composition of a casual and a chance auditory, whether in a street or a theatre; secondly, the small size of a modern audience, even in Drury Lane (3000 at the most), not by one eightieth part the *complement* of the Circus Maximus; most of all, when we consider the want of symmetry, to any extended duration of time, in the *acts* of such an audience, which acts lie in the vanishing expressions of its vanishing emotions,—acts so essentially fugitive, even when organized into an art and a tactical system of *imbrices* and *bombi* (as they were at Alexandria, and afterwards at the Neapolitan theatres and those of Rome), they could not, by any art, protect themselves from dying in the very moment of their birth; laying together all these considerations, we see the incongruity of any audience, so constituted, to any purpose less evanescent than their own tenure of existence."

To which we may add, as a fourth, a seeming

BLUNDER OF DE FOE.

"From the Gallapagos, Pink went often to Juan (or, as he chose to call it, after Dampier and others, *John*) Fernandez. Very lately (December, 1837) the newspapers of Europe informed us, and the story was current for full nine days, that this fair island had been swallowed up by an earthquake; or, at least, that, in some way or other, it had disappeared. Had that story proved true, one pleasant bower would have perished—raised by Pink as a memorial expression of his youthful feelings either towards De Foe, or his visionary creature Robinson Crusoe—but rather, perhaps, towards the sub-

stantial Alexander Selkirk; for it was raised on some spot known or reputed by tradition to have been one of those most occupied as a home by Selkirk. I say 'rather towards Alexander Selkirk;' for there is a difficulty to the judgment in associating Robinson Crusoe with this lovely island of the Pacific, and a difficulty even to the fancy. *Why*, it is hard to guess, or through what perverse contradiction to the facts, De Foe chose to place the shipwreck of Robinson Crusoe upon the *eastern* side of the American continent. Now, not only was this in direct opposition to the realities of the case upon which he built, as first reported (I believe) by Woodes Rogers, from the log-book of the *Duke and Duchess* (a privateer fitted out, to the best of my remembrance, by the Bristol merchants, two or three years before the Peace of Utrecht); and so far the mind of any man acquainted with these circumstances was staggered, in attempting to associate this eastern wreck with this western island; but a worse obstacle than this, because a moral one (and what, by analogy, to an error against time, which we call an anachronism, and, if against the *spirit* of time, a moral anachronism, we might here term a moral *anachronism*), is this—that, by thus perversely transferring the scene from the Pacific to the Atlantic, De Foe has transferred it from a quiet and sequestered to a populous and troubled sea—the Fleet Street or Cheapside of the navigating world, the great thoroughfare of nations—and thus has prejudiced the moral sense and the fancy against his fiction still more inevitably than his judgment, and in a way that was perfectly needless; for the change brought along with it no shadow of compensation."

NATIONAL STRENGTH.

WHAT is it makes a nation truly great?
Her sons; her sons alone; not theirs, but they!
Glory and gold are vile as wind and clay,
Unless the hands that grasp them consecrate.
And what is that in man, by which a state
Is clad in splendor like the noontide day?
Virtue: Dominion ebbs, and Arts betray;
Virtue alone abides. But what is that
Which Virtue's self doth rest on; that which yields her
Light for her feet, and daily heavenly bread;
Which from demoniac pride and madness shields her,
And storms that most assail the loftiest head?
The Christian's humble faith—that faith which cheers
The orphan's quivering heart, and stays the widow's tears.

AUBREY DE VERE.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.

THE author of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," a volume with which our readers are acquainted, occupies a middle ground between the conservatism and the reform of the times. The mental product of one of the English universities, he has those feelings of reverence for the past which, linked with learning and Christianity, are instincts with a feeling man so educated, but which, in his case, are confined within no cloistered precincts. The quadrangle of his college is arched by the blue sky of the outer world which encircles the human race, and its green sward is swept by air which fans the weary brow of labor, which knows no learned repose. A consciousness of the world without, of the duties as well as of the pleasures of the scholar, is one of the most hopeful signs of English philanthropy, and of English literature as well; for we may look to new life, both for thought and action, to spring from this union. There is no essayist now writing, and many are aiming at this result, who so happily blends the quiet air of study and retirement with practical beneficent out-of-door conduct, as the writer of the series of essays entitled *Friends in Council*, *Claims of Labor*, &c. Reformers are apt to be such harsh fellows that even their kindness, like that of the thankful bear in the fable, who would tear the fly from his master's face, is as unendurable as their hostility. Our author knows the *mollia tempora fandi*, the outer avenues of approach, and sheathes his reformations so gently that there must be something inveterate and churlish in the opinions of those who will not listen to him.

In his last published work, "Companions of my Solitude," a name he has given his thoughts, and which allows their expression with as much ease and freedom as an essayist can assume, he has treated many topics not often candidly touched, as those growing out of Puritanism, with peculiar delicacy. The chapters given to what he terms "the great sin of great cities," are examples of this. His views, which have an original air through some of their illustrations, exhibit a refined Christian charity. It is doing them an injustice to present them out of the original setting—without the graceful picture of the pine-wood—but the beautiful introductory apologue of the child's creed should not be omitted:—

IS THIS A WEED?

"It was a bright winter's day; and I sat upon a garden seat in a sheltered nook towards the south, having come out of my study to enjoy the warmth, like a fly that has left some snug crevice to stretch his legs upon the unwontedly sunny pane in December. My little daughter (she is a very little thing about four years old) came running up to me, and when she had arrived at my knees, held up a straggling but pretty weed. Then, with great earnestness, and as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, 'Is this a weed, Papa; is this a weed?'"

"'Yes, a weed,' I replied.

"With a look of disappointment she moved off to the one she loved best amongst us; and, asking the same question, received the same answer.

"'But it has flowers,' the child replied.

"'That does not signify; it is a weed,' was the inexorable answer.

"Presently, after a moment's consideration, the child ran off again, and meeting the gardener just near my nook, though out of sight from where I sat, she coaxingly addressed him.

"'Nicholas, dear, is this a weed?'"

"'Yes, miss, they call it "Shepherd's purse."'"

"A pause ensued: I thought the child was now fairly silenced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again, 'Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas, dear? do plant it in my garden!'"

"There was no resisting the anxious entreaty of the child; and man and child moved off together to plant the weed in one of those plots of ground which the children walk about upon a good deal, and put branches of trees in and grown-up flowers, and then examine the roots (a system as encouraging as other systems of education I could name), and which they call their gardens."

Many are the weeds thrown away in society, worthy to bloom in the gardens.

Into the jungle, the wilderness of the large city, the author would throw these seeds—in the spirit of the New Testament—of a better culture. We take them, briefly as possible, separate thoughts from the continuous essay:—

GREAT SINS OF GREAT CITIES.

"I do not know any one thing which concentrates and reflects more accurately the evils of any society than this sin. It is a measure of the want of employment, the uncertainty of employment, the moral corruption

amongst the higher classes, the want of education amongst the lower, the relaxation of bonds between master and servant, employer and employed; and, indeed, it expresses the want of prudence, truth, light, and love in that community.

"The nature of the evil in this case is one which does not require to be largely dwelt upon; and yet several things must be said about it. One which occurs to me is the degradation of race. Thousands upon thousands of beautiful women are by it condemned to sterility. As a nation we should look with exceeding jealousy and alarm at any occupation which claimed our tallest men and left them without offspring. And, surely, it is no light matter in a national point of view that any sin should claim the right of consuming, sometimes as rapidly as if they were a slave population, a considerable number of the best looking persons in the community.

"It accustoms men to the contemplation of the greatest social failures, and introduces habitually a low view of the highest things. *We are apt to look at each individual case too harshly; but the whole thing is not looked at gravely enough.* This often happens in considering any great social abuse; and so we frequently commence the remedy by some great injustice in a particular case.

"The main cause of this sin on the woman's part is want—absolute want. This, though one of the most grievous things to contemplate, has at the same time a large admixture of hope in it. For, surely, if civilization is to make any sufficient answer for itself and for the many serious evils it promotes, it ought to be, that it renders the vicissitudes of life less extreme, that it provides a resource for all of us against excessive want.

"There is a very homely proverb about the fate of the pitcher that goes often to the water which might be an aid to charity, and which bears closely on the present case. The Spaniards, from whom I dare say we have the proverbs, express it prettily and pithily.

"*Cantarillo que muchas vezes va a la fuente,
O dexa la asa, or la frente.*

"The little pitcher that goes often to the fountain, either leaves the handle or the spout behind some day."

The dainty vase which is kept under a glass case in a drawing-room, should not be too proud of remaining without a flaw, considering its great advantages.

"In the New Testament we have such matters treated in a truly divine manner. There is no palliation of crime. Sometimes our charity is mixed up with a mash of sentiment and sickly feeling that we do not know where we are, and what is vice and what is virtue. But here are the brief stern words, 'Go, and sin no more;'

but, at the same time, there is an infinite consideration for the criminal, not however as criminal, but as human being; I mean not in respect of her criminality but of her humanity.

"Now an instance of our want of obedience to these Christian precepts has often struck me in the not visiting married women whose previous lives will not bear inspection. Whose will? Not merely all Christian people, but all civilized people, ought to set their faces against this excessive retrospection.

"A daughter has left her home, madly, ever so wickedly if you like, but what are too often the demons tempting her onwards and preventing her return? The uncharitable speeches she has heard at home; and the feeling she shares with most of us, that those we have lived with are the sharpest judges of our conduct.

"Would you, then, exclaims some reader or hearer, take back and receive with tenderness a daughter who had erred? 'Yes,' I reply, 'if she had been the most abandoned woman upon earth.'

"A fear of the uncharitable speeches of others is the incentive in many courses of evil; but it has a peculiar effect in the one we are considering, as it occurs with most force just at the most critical period—when the victim of seduction is upon the point of falling into worse ways. Then it is that the uncharitable speeches she has heard on this subject in former days are so many goads to her, urging her the downward path of evil. What a strange, desperate notion it is of men, when they have erred, that things are at the worst, that nothing can be done to rescue them; whereas Judas Iscariot might have done something better than hang himself.

"Another cause of the frailty of women in the lower classes is in the comparative inelegance and uncleanness of the men of their own class. It also arises from the fondness which all women have for merit, or what they suppose to be such, so that their love is apt to follow what is in any way distinguished: and this throws the women of any class cruelly open to the seduction of the men in the class above. For women are the real aristocrats; and it is one of their greatest merits.

"One great source of the sin we are considering is the want of other thoughts. Here puritanism comes in, as it has any time these two hundred years, to darken and deepen every mischief. The lower orders here are left with so little to think of but labor and vice. Now any grand thought, great poetry, or noble song is adverse to any abuse of the passions—even that which seems most concerned with the passions. For all that is great in idea, that insists upon men's attention, does so by an appeal, expressed or implied, to the infinite within him and around him. A man coming from a great representation of Macbeth is not in the humor for

a low intrigue: and, in general, vice, especially of the kind we are considering, seizes hold not of the passionate, so much as of the cold and vacant mind.

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"The heavy ploughboy who lounges along in that listless manner has a mind which moves with a rapidity that bears no relation to that outward heaviness of his. That mind will be fed; will consume all about it, like oxygen, if new thoughts and aspirations are not given it. The true strategy in attacking any vice, is by putting in a virtue to counteract it; in attacking any evil thought, by putting in a good thought to meet it. Thus a man is lifted into a higher state of being, and his old slough falls off him.

* * * * *

To meet the evil of poverty, "it may seem romantic, but I cannot help hoping that considerable investigation into prices may lead people to ascertain better what are fair wages, and that purchasers will not run madly after cheapness. There are everywhere just men, who endeavor to prevent the price of laborers' wages from falling below what they (the just men) think right. I have no doubt that this has an effect upon the whole labor-market, Christianity coming in to correct political economy. And so, in other matters, I can conceive that private persons may generally become more anxious to put aside the evils of competition, and to give, as well as get, what is fair.

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"Oh that there were more love in the world, and then these things that we deplore could not be. One would think that the man who had once loved any woman, would have some tenderness for all. And love implies an infinite respect. All that was said or done by Chivalry of old, or sung by Troubadours, but shadows forth the feeling which is in the heart of any one who loves. Love, like the opening of the heavens to the Saints, shows for a moment, even to the dullest man, the possibilities of the human race.

* * * * *

"I said above, 'the exquisite beauty of the thing spoiled.' And, in truth, how beautiful a thing is youth—beautiful in an animal. In contemplating it, the world seems young again for us. Each young thing seems born to new hopes. Parents feel this for their children, hoping that something will happen to them quite different from what happened to themselves, else could they take all the pains they do with these young creatures, if they could believe that the young people were only to grow up into middle-aged men and women with the usual cares and troubles descending upon them like a securely entailed inheritance. There is something fanciful in all this, and in reality a grown up person is a much more valuable and worthy creature than most young ones: but still anything that blights the young must ever be most repugnant to humanity."

On success in life there are some admirable hints, as this of

MOTIVE POWER AND THE RAILWAY.

"One of the great aids, or hindrances, to success in anything lies in the temperament of a man. I do not know yours; but I venture to point out to you what is the best temperament, namely, a combination of the desponding and the resolute, or, as I had better express it, of the apprehensive and the resolute. Such is the temperament of great commanders. Secretly, they rely upon nothing and upon nobody. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs, that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, what shall I do, if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect. This foresight dwarfs and crushes all but men of great resolution.

"Then, be not over-choice in looking out for what may exactly suit you; but rather be ready to adopt any opportunities that occur. Fortune does not stoop often to take any one up. Favorable opportunities will not happen precisely in the way that you have imagined. Nothing does. Do not be discouraged, therefore, by a present detriment in any course which may lead to something good. Time is so precious here.

"Get, if you can, into one or other of the main grooves of human affairs. It is all the difference of going by railway, and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses, or set up one for yourself. You will see, if your times are anything like ours, most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well with very little original motive power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or any professions: only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence."

Of the not uncommon complaint of men of genius, who would be men of truth and genius, and men of the world, too, there is this to be considered:—

YOU MUST CHOOSE ONE OR THE OTHER.

"You must seek to do something which many people demand. I cannot illustrate what I mean better than by telling you what I often tell my publisher, whenever he speaks of the slackness of trade. There is a confectioner's shop next door which is thronged with people: I beg him (the publisher) to draw a moral from this, and to set up, himself, an eating house. That would be appealing to the million in the right way. I tell him he could hire me and others of his 'eminent hands' to cook instead of to write; and then, instead of living on our wits (slender diet indeed!), we ourselves should be able to buy books, and should become great patrons of literature. I did not tell him, because it is not wise run down authors in the presence of publishers, what I may mention to you, that

many of us would be much more wisely and wholesomely employed in cooking than in writing. But this is nothing to you. What I want you, dear distant kinsman, to perceive, is that you must at once cultivate something which is in general demand.

"Whatever happens, do not be dissatisfied with your worldly fortunes, lest that speech be justly made to you, which was once made to a repining person much given to talk of how great she and hers had been. 'Yes, Madam,' was the crushing reply, 'we all find our level at last.'"

"Eternally that fable is true, of a choice being given to men on their entrance into life. Two majestic women stand before you: one in rich vesture, superb, with what seems like a mural crown on her head and plenty in her hand, and something of triumph, I will not say of boldness, in her eye; and she, the queen of this world, can give you many things. The other is beautiful, but not alluring, nor rich, nor powerful; and there are traces of care and shame and sorrow in her face; and (marvellous to say) her look is downcast and yet noble. She can give you nothing, but she can make you somebody. If you cannot bear to part from her sweet sublime countenance which hardly veils with sorrow its infinity, follow her: follow her, I say, if you are really minded so to do; but do not, while you are on this track, look back with ill-concealed envy on the glittering things which fall in the path of those who prefer to follow the rich dame, and to pick up the riches and honors which fall from her cornucopia.

"This is in substance what a true artist said to me only the other day, impatient, as he told me, of the complaints of those who would pursue art, and yet would have fortune."

This is finely rendered, and so are many other interpretations of human life and conduct; changes of the point of view, which show us things upon which we have been long gazing in quite another light. Most essayists have been agreed upon the fact, that modern times are very level and prosaic, a great measure of excellence, if you will, but a dead level at that. But what says Milverton—for so our author, in an occasional bit of dialogue, sometimes calls

himself,—*"The notion that there is a dead level in modern times is a mistake—it is only that there are more eminences."*

A pretty constant fallacy of the public, and of a considerable number of critics is, that truth is relative to the author, what a man writes, presupposing that he claims it all in his own conduct—that Sterne being a doubtful sort of man is necessarily a bad writer, &c. This is pleasantly hit off in the following:—

DUALITY OF THE EDITORIAL "WE."

"Once in these lanes I quitted my subject, and began to think how the way to my house might be shortened, and I was already deep in the engineering difficulties of the proceeding, when, somewhat satirically I said to myself, what a mania you have for improving everything about you: could you not, my dear Leonard, spare a little of this reforming energy for yourself? One would think that you did not need it at all to see the way you go on writing moral essays. Myself replied to me, this is a very spiteful remark of yours, and very like what Ellesmere would have said. Have I not always protested in the strongest manner against the assumption, that a writer of moral essays must be a moral man himself? Your friend Ellesmere, in reference to this very point, remarks that if all clergymen had been Christians, there would by this time have been no science of theology. But, jesting part, it would be a sad thing indeed if one's ideal was never to go beyond one's own infirmities. However, myself agrees with you, my dear I, so far, that it is much safer to be thought worse than better than one really is: and so blacken me as much as you like, and detract from me as much as you can, so that you do not injure my arguments or my persuasions. These I believe in, and will endeavor to carry out, just as if they had been uttered by the most irreproachable and perfect man in the world.

"Maintaining this strange dialogue as stoutly as if there had been two persons instead of one in the carriage, I, or rather we (I wonder whether the editorial 'we' is thus really dual, consisting of a man and his conscience) we, I say, reached the gate of Worth-Ashton, pretty good friends with each other, and pleased with what we had thought over during our ride homewards."

A SOLITARY SUMMER CLOUD,

That look'd
As though an angel, in his upward flight,
Had left his mantle floating in mid-air.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

HOW SHALL I COUNT?

How shall I count, O miser Time,
 Life's swiftly ebbing sands?
 Shall I unite the dark and bright,
 In pure and loving bands—
 Shall I unite the dark and bright,
 The sad and joyous hours,
 And own life's but a mixed wreath
 Of fresh and faded flowers?

Ah, no! I'll count, O miser Time,
 None but the joyous hours;
 I'll only mark the golden sands,
 And pluck the blooming flowers;
 And these, alone, upon my lips
 And in my heart beneath,
 Shall be the record of my life,
 A bright, unfading wreath!

C. D. STUART.

NOTES OF EXCURSIONS.—NO. I.

ASCENT OF MOUNT SADDLEBACK.

THE SADDLEBACK or Saddle Mountain of Massachusetts, extends on the borders of Vermont across the most northerly part of Berkshire, with its several intermediate peaks and ridges, a brief, isolated, distinct chain, about six miles in length, lying in a north-easterly and south-westerly direction, and seen with the greatest advantage from the fine southerly position, distant some twenty or more miles, of Pittsfield. The highest summit of the mountain, which is the highest land in Massachusetts, bears the appropriate name of Graylock from its position, as it were the forehead of the line, and from the appearance of the snow drifts on its trees in winter. One of the twin peaks has the name Saddleball among the people of the vicinity. The summit is 2800 feet above the level of the valley at Williams' College, and 3580 feet above tide-water at Albany. Looked at from an advantageous point at Pittsfield, it rises, grandly supported by the intervening elevations, the centre of the northern horizon, the great landmark of the region, whether scarred by the patches of winter snow, or glimmering in the blue haze of summer noon, clad in its purple robe of evening, belted with clouds, or its head enveloped in mist. It measures the fairest path of the moon through the heavens, the ragged storm-cloud sweeps more grandly by it, and the most noticed stars are those above it. Turning from point to point of this "circuit of the summer hills," from the continuation of the Green Mt. Range on the east, the hills of Lenox or Stockbridge to the south, or the New York line of the Taconic, the eye must needs rest on the proud enthroned eminence of Saddleback.

The approaches to it in the ascent on its northern side, whether from Williamstown

or North Adams, afford by far the grandest mountain scenery of the county. The Swiss valleys are at once recalled to the mind. The mountains here are very closely grouped, descending rapidly in sharp outlines, and leaving narrow valley intervals, as the once beautiful valley of the Hoosac,* which has the same elegance of a level floor, from which the hills rise at a well defined angle, which Wordsworth has noticed among the mountains of Westmoreland. Once beautiful we write, for its rounded hill-sides have been rudely scarped, disclosing the barren sand and pebbles, which have been again heaped up in a hideous embankment, running through the centre of the meadows, whose fair stream had been already tortured and polluted by rows of unsightly cotton mills. Alas for the once fair valley where stood the sometime important frontier post of Fort Massachusetts, a shelter to the region from the Indian and the Frenchman—the valley, a shelter itself in its own fair seclusion. The tunnelling of the four miles of the neighboring Hoosac Mountain will make some amends, on the score of sublimity, for this railway desecration. Ascending from Williamstown, seated on its several hills, with its College and Observatory, and leaving this valley, you come upon a choice mountain passage which cannot be so easily defaced. This is the "Bellows' Pipe" or "Notch" pass, leading by its easterly summit, now a cleared ridge of the mountain, turned very beautifully to the eye, towards South Adams.

It is the south-west wind which blows with violence at this pass, gradually growing

* The spelling of this name is various, Hoosic and Hoosuc. We adopt that of the State Geological Report.

narrow to its extremity, giving it the name of the Bellows. Note on its path the open door of the New England school house, the shepherd protecting the sheep on the mountains. The children have a healthy air of rural comfort, as they are drawn up in a row before the schoolmistress,—happy that it is one of that sex, to whom the early education of youth should always be intrusted. Here the traveller is in the midst of several nicely adjusted mountains, a gorge or descent of which to the west forms the "Hopper," a deep valley of a thousand feet or more, with clean falling mountain sides in the shape of that well known implement, whose vast opening invites the clouds to enter and break against its summits. In 1784, there was a great earth slide from a deluge of this character; others have since occurred. It is a curious effect that sublimity is enhanced by the suggestion of a small, familiar household object.

Beyond this natural curiosity you scale the ridge, and ascend to the summit of Graylock. The footpath has its hardships, but they are redeemed by the mountain stillness of the way; and here, in the middle of August, your steps may be refreshed (in lack of more potent invigorators) by the fresh scented raspberries, white and pink, and, if you are fortunate enough to have by your side a lady whose spirit of kindness the woods reply to, by telling her their choicest secrets, you may be greeted with strawberries cool and polished, glazed by the curious varnish of the mist; delicately fragrant to the palate, as refreshing to the eye. All travellers shout when they reach the summit, and doubtless wish the way no longer. We did not wish it so. But with the brilliant success of a huge mountain top attained, who thinks of the way?

The Observatory is a kind, charitable feature of the summit, for, without it there would be little seen of the mountain view below, for the growth of the trees which, on all sides, skirt the edges of the small cleared space. In this respect it is essential to the visitor to the mountain. Though now dilapidated, it has been a stoutly-timbered structure, a framed tower of two stories, rising to the height of some seventy feet with its base in a well constructed log or block house. When Mr. Hitchcock, the State Geologist, visited the mountain just previous to the erection of this structure, he was, as he tells us in his Report, obliged to climb a tree to the height of thirty or forty feet, to get an unobstructed view. It was erected in 1840, at the expense of the neighboring Williams' College and the townspeople, and was for a time occupied, in conjunction with the Col-

lege astronomical department, by meteorological instruments; but whether from neglect in its proper guardianship, the mischief of visitors, or, as we have heard it suggested, enmity to the College prompting its injury, the instruments have been broken up or removed, and the building well nigh destroyed. It is now in a process of speedy decay. The doors and window shutters have been plucked away, the roof is open to wind and rain at different points, the platforms of the upper galleries, carved with the innumerable names of the Browns and Tomkinses, have been carelessly broken up. The winds and tempests will aid the wanton spirit of destruction of visitors, and there will soon be nothing left but the logs of the foundation. Yet travellers depend upon this failing resource to pass the night on the mountain in comfort. It surely should be an object of attention to the innkeepers and others, of the towns in the vicinity, to keep the observatory in repair. They are eager enough for gain, it has to be admitted, but the dollar must gleam immediately before their eyes. The road to the summit which was constructed at the same time with the observatory, is another example of Yankee short-sightedness. It has been suffered to fall into ruin. The roots of trees are constantly exposed by the washing away of the rains, and form everywhere pitfalls for the horses' feet, while the rotten vegetation is worked into a fat, unctuous bog, through which the pedestrian must work his way for some three miles, though formerly the road was good for a carriage way to within a short distance of the top. Across the wretched path several trees have fallen, which would sweep an erect rider from his horse. The calculation, which the eye does not take in, is that as the animal will sink to his knees in the soil, he will need so much less space for his head. A lady was recently thrown across one of these spiky stumps, and seriously mutilated. We asked the guide why he did not cut them down. A few hours with the axe would remove them. The answer was "Who'll pay?"

The observatory has, however, lasted our time, for we scaled its summit, once and again, to watch the varied panorama of the mountain range around. To the right on the south rose the far "Dome" of the Taconic, in the middle space the fair planted Monument Mountain. Here you looked beyond the New York boundary, close at hand, to blue distances of the Catskills. The near towns of the county lay all around, Lanesborough Hill and the fair Pontoosuc lake, of exquisite sustained beauty, below; here the Branches of the Hoosac, and threading its

way beyond, the long journey of the Housatonic. The near view is of desolation, a wilderness of barren mountain. The New Englander's contest with the soil and elements is understood. He is not sublimated or refined by this scenery: it works no spiritual miracle in his case, but dooms him to a keener struggle with everyday actualities. It is no just cause of wonder that some of the people of North Adams never look upwards to their mountains, but trade in a short-sighted mercenary way in their sublimities. They have not called the "Hopper" amiss. The traveller is ground there very fine. In the face of this sublime and beautiful scenery, modelled and proportioned with every grace and dignity, the poor inhabitants of the towns have not the feeling or capacity to erect a decent clapboard or shingle dwelling. The genius of architecture has not yet risen in Western New England. Religion is mocked by the shabby pretences and vulgar efforts of most of the recent church buildings in this quarter.

People ascend mountains to get a nearer acquaintance with the sublimities of the heavens, sun rise and sun set. They go up to Graylock to see the sun rise. It did not rise for us in the morning: there were no lightning edges of burnished gold on the mountain lines, but a dull vaporish obscurity. Wait, however. In Nature phenomena are endless and the mighty mother is always working her wonders. The scudding wind-swept mist around us was a beauty with its swift movement, and when it went by to disclose the hills below with two rolling masses of upgathering cloud side by side, separated by a deep fissure, in "looped and windowed raggedness," the sublimities with which clouds are invested in the Old Testament were recalled to us. The moon, too, with its series of dissolving views, full and red, had risen to us on the mountain on the previous night, and now it was the ring of Saturn as it appeared girt by a single delicate cloud; then the ridges of cloud-land painted snowy mountains on its surface; or it all became veiled from sight save a lurid spot in the vast vapor.

How rotten are the huge masses of vegetation around with the rank sprouting ferns. The trees raise their lofty dead stems, overcome by frost and tempests. It is marvellous how they attained such a size, for they must have been green once. Here and there they have fallen and lie with fungous incrustations or crumble in heaps of powdered rottenness. The old top of the mountain is as rank with the sweat of its clouds and vapors as the veriest low-lying bog of the depths below.

To pass a night on the mountain the visitor makes provision for sleep. Under present circumstances, the condition of things at the Observatory, it is quite a miscalculation. People should not go up into the clouds to sleep, for they can do it better below. Those who are disposed to attempt this feat should take up a hammock to be suspended from the great cross timbers of the main room of the Observatory. In this way they may escape the transit of a company of rats disposed to curvet freely over the coverlets, and not come into contact so closely with the decomposed pine branches and rubbish which, with the refuse of ashes, picnics of yesterday, and the ooze of mists innumerable, form the amalgam of the floor. "Spare fast that with the Gods doth diet." If such were the repose of Jupiter and his company on Olympus they must have looked with envy on the plains, and Vulcan, kicked down to Lemnos, have made a happy exchange of it. But what has Graylock to do with sleep? A few hours may be surrendered once in a lifetime to the watching of the stars, the heavy sweep of this mountain scud, or the faint but grand approaches of the dawn. We have known men, however, to snore under such circumstances: nay, we would have given something for a sound, honest snore ourselves—sublimity would have looked better after it.

A reasonable number of buffaloes, from last winter's sleighing parties of your host below, is a safe provision, but more indispensable is a liberal supply of Heidsieck (the empty bottles make excellent candlesticks for your spermaceti—serving thus a double illumination), and which is most likely, should the night be dark and the fog obscure all things, a game of cards will help you over the small hours to daylight. We presume the fifteen-gallon law, with the jurisdiction of that learned legal functionary, the Sheriff of North Adams, stops short somewhere of the top of the mountain. If it does not, take fifteen gallons with you.

Water is a scarce thing on the mountain, though your hair may be saturated with the clouds: we paid the guides two dollars for a pailful, brought on horseback from some distance, tasting strongly of damaged ferns.

There is one resource always open, at least if there is not a deluge of rain. It is the bonfire, which all judicious travellers will secure at once. After some deliberation and weighing of the company the farmer at the beginning of the ascent has overcome his prudent scruples and lent you an axe. The old trunks lying about supply an abundance of fuel, and the hollow rain-washed roots of the huge stumps the best of

fire-places, with nooks and crannies to protect the tender flame and hollow chimney ascents for its rising, while the frequent interrupted blast of the wind sweeps the mass of the fiery flood. As a fresh log is driven crashing into the heap the sparkling rain is sent whirling aloft, you think of the fire beacons of Scott and the Agamemnon, of New England witch burnings, of martyrs at the stake. It seems, as it has been, a natural offering of devotion.

There is an infinite variety for every visitor of the grand works of nature. No two will probably survey the world from Graylock under precisely the same circumstances. Mr. Thoreau in his *Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, a book filled with minute and delicate observation of nature, describes his experiences on this moun-

tain. He ascended it alone by a path of his own; with characteristic love of nature drank the moisture from the horse tracks in the pathway; slept on the ground with his head to the fire, and recommends a board for a covering with a stone on the top of it to increase its warmth. He saw in the morning a vast sea of mist touching the foot of the Observatory, from whence arose islands, where stretched promontories and other phenomena of cloud land. "It was a favor," says he, "for which to be for ever silent to be shown this vision." We too had our vision, with many bounteous human accessories in kind faces and kind deeds of noble men and women, then and there assembled, on that night and morning of mid August, in the present year 1851.

E. A. D.

LADY STUART WORTLEY'S TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In the tropics our Lady finds full scope for her facile pen and girl-like sensibilities. She runs riot in the gorgeousness of tropical beauty, frisks and gallops away in the free fields of nature, like an unbroken colt, tries unheard of leaps into the sublime and unfathomable till common sense is unhorsed and brought to the ground. In her neck and neck race on the unrestrained course of tropical nature, she outstrips truth itself and has it all her own way. Lady Wortley's admiration seems to have warmed gradually with the change of latitude; we found it temperate in the United States (just and appreciative our flattered vanity calls it); in Mexico it is decidedly warm and tropical; and when the equator is approached it becomes overpoweringly intense and stifling.

Here is a picture, with the paint so freely put on, that its outlines are not so clear as they might be:—

MEXICAN VEGETATION.

"One morning, at sunrise, coming from Puebla, we saw the great mountain, Orizaba, reflecting the light of the rising luminary, and looking as if it was literally made partly of gold and partly of fire, so gloriously was it beaming back those dazzling splendors from its huge crest of glittering snow. Between Jalapa and Peroté, and still more between Vera Cruz and Jalapa, the astenishing prodigality and unutterable magnificence of the tropical vegetation is perfectly overpowering! I could not have believed, without beholding it, that such a Paradise remained to this world! Such colors—such blooms—such forests of flowers! Such inconceivable luxuriance of foliage and fruit!

You cannot for a moment 'begin to imagine' the glories of these scenes—their inexhaustible variety—their indescribable exuberance—their extraordinary and matchless brilliancy of coloring!

"Nature seems like a perpetual miracle there. It made us think of the sumptuous Sultana in the 'Arabian Nights' tales, who changed her regal dress twelve times a day. Just try to fancy in those marvellous regions endlessly-spreading colossal bowers, under a green overhanging firmament of uptowering trees, and such bowers too! Myriads of flowers of a hundred colors, crowding coronal upon coronal; and these again intertwined and overtined, and round and through, and sub and supertwined with others, and others still! It seemed as if there was really going to be a flood of flowers, and this was the first flow of the dazzling deluge: a gorgeous deluge indeed that would be—its own rainbow. There were innumerable roses, interwreathed with convolvuluses, flowering myrtles, aloes, cherimoyas, floripundias (a magnificent sculpture-like, bell-shaped flower), the verdant liquid amber, jessamines, and others, with creepers and parasitical plants, festooning and trailing themselves about with the very wildest luxuriance, so that often the coiled and heaped-together boughs and branches appear to bear hundreds of different sorts of leaves and flowers at once!

"One of the most magnificent flowers I ever saw, grows on a tree of considerable dimensions (if, indeed, it is not a parasitical plant), and looks, with its multitudinous clusters of large, gorgeous, and vivid scarlet blossoms, like a pyramid of planets in a blaze, or a candelabra of comets, with forty thousand branching flames in all directions. These were most beautifully

contrasted by the snowy white lilies I have spoken of before, which literally lined the roadside in many places.

"In short, altogether, it was quite bewildering. One felt that one would fain have ten thousand eyes to see with, and ten thousand senses to admire, appreciate, and realize (I must go back to the United States for the right word) all the immensity and variety of those wondrous royal realms of Nature. I have said that the leaves, branches, flowers, fruits, stems, seemed all confusedly intermingled, and matted, and massed together in beauty. There were heaps of cactuses garlanded with wildernesses of roses; there were floripundias coiled about with creepers that seemed almost moving in their wild life-like grace; besides countless other labyrinthine complications.

"But I have said nothing of the splendid birds, that like animated rainbows and winged sunbeams were darting about amid these transcendent scenes. But it is quite useless to attempt to describe these unimaginable regions—one might as well strive to convey in words a glorious strain of the most exquisite music."

We present some of Lady Wortley's painted, wax-light beauties, of which readers should take a daylight view, rubbing off the rouge:—

FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

"Through all of their Arab-like wanderings, wherever they stopped, those Aztecs were wont to cultivate the earth, and where they were then settled, frequently encircled by barbarous enemies, as they were, in the midst of a great lake, where fish were remarkably scarce, they devised the ingenious expedient of forming floating gardens, and fields, and orchards, on the surface of the tranquil waters. These they framed skilfully of the woven-together roots of aquatic plants, wreathed and intermingled with various boughs and branches, and twigs, till they had secured a foundation strong enough to uphold a soil, formed of earth drawn from the bottom of the lake. Their corn and chili, and different plants required for their sustenance, were sown on this.

"It appears that these gliding gardens were ordinarily elevated about a foot above the surface of the water, and were of an oblong shape. Soon afterwards, these insulated and raft-like fields were adorned with lovely beds of countless flowers, which were not alone cherished by the people (who were great lovers of these luxuries of nature), but were employed in the worship of their idols, and were a favorite ornament of the palace of their new emperors. These famed Chinampas, along the Viga canal, are now attached to the mainlands, on the grounds that lie between the two great lakes of Chalco and Tezcuco. Little trenches, filled with water, appear to divide the gardens. There are small bridges, thrown across the water, to keep up the communication with the mainland.

The Indian proprietor has generally his humble hut in the garden, but no longer can he (if desirous of removing for a space, his 'location'), seated in his canoe, tow along his fairy and flowering island to another part of that fresh, silvery, glistening sea.

"Whether in gardens floating or fixed, flowers never fail them in their bewitching climate. Their roses are all *roses des quatre saisons* (so well rendered by Lord —'s gardener "quarter sessions roses")! From March to June the flowery sea almost overflows, and its many-colored waves and sunny tides bury all in their beauty. We are told that, on the *dias di fiesta*, even the very humblest classes are nearly smothered in roses, and crowned with variegated garlands of carnations, poppies, sweet-peas, jessamine, and other gifts of the munificent Flora of Mexico."

MAMMOTH CYPRESSES.

"They are the most glorious trees I ever beheld. The largest of them all was said, by Humboldt, to be forty-one feet in circumference; but I am told it is actually forty-five feet. It certainly looks yet more than this. The vast trunk seemed to me like a noble tower shooting towards the sky, and lost in its own far-spreading and mighty cloud of deep green foliage, where half an army might have hid—à la 'King Charles in his oak.' Soft streamers of thick grey moss depend from every bough, which gives these trees a doubly venerable and patriarchal appearance.

* * * * *

"The true name of these cypresses is Ahuahuate (*Sabino ahuahuate*, or *Cupressus disticha*). The chief of these is called Montezuma's cypress. At the village of Atlitico, there is said to be a cypress (they are not like what we in England call by that name) seventy-six feet in circumference, and which is supposed to be one of the oldest of vegetable monuments on the face of the globe, if not indeed the *most* ancient.

"But this is not all. At a village called St. Maria del Tule, ten miles to the east of the capital, there is an immense trunk of the same species of cypress, measuring one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference, though by all accounts it would appear to be three stems, closely, almost imperceptibly, joined together. It must be like the great 'Boabab' of Asia; but the suspicion of this latter one being a treble tree, renders it less interesting. I confess, in one of the mighty Ahuahuetes that I saw, I detected something that looked as if a similar process had taken place. There is certainly a suspicious line along the trunk; but I am assured I am wrong, and by those likely to know better than I do."

MADAME BISHOP.

"Madame Bishop has lately been singing here, and was exceedingly admired and popular in Mexico. She went into the provinces also,

and I hear, at some of the theatres there, her sweet sounds were sometimes paid in fighting-cocks and cigars; to such an extent, indeed, that she was obliged to advertise in the papers that she could receive no more payments in 'crowing Chanticleers' or prime 'Havanas,' and that none would be taken at the doors."

From Vera Cruz Lady Wortley sails to Havana, and on board ship in fault of Nature, trees, stones, and stocks and sticks to worship, she finds her fellow-passengers quite adorable; these fellow-passengers were Lord Kerr, who was travelling with his drawing-portfolio, an ingenious New Englander who was quite a Grinly Gibbons in "whittling," Mr. Bayard Taylor, "a very gentlemanlike young man," "the author of some beautiful poetical pieces," and an "enterprising organ-grinder." She is rapturous even on such subjects and in Havana, across the Isthmus of Darien, on the Pacific, and in South America, she always mounts the same high horse and dashes away, leaving her readers "nowhere:"—

HAVANA GALLANTRY.

"You do not see here, as in Mexico, hundreds of superbly-mounted *caballeros*, making their steeds champ, and prance, and *caracolear*, till their weighty silver ornaments flash like lightning on the eye. Here the gentlemen are generally pedestrian promenaders, if they are not lounging, stretched out in their luxurious *volantes* themselves. They walk leisurely and gently along, smoking the fragrant weed, and gazing at the fair *Habaneras* who are passing in their fairy coracles on wheels; and they tell me it is the fashion here, when a gallant *señor* sees some particularly lovely young *doña*, for him to exclaim—'How beautiful—how lovely!' and for her to reply, with a slight gracious inclination of her little stag-like head—'Gracias, caballero.' I was not a little surprised, at first, at the answer the ladies make to the universally-employed salutation—'A los pies de V. *señorita*!' 'Besos los manos de V. caballero!' (I am at your feet, madam!—I kiss your hands, sir!). But the dignified gentleness with which they say it, seemed to take off from the too great condescension apparently expressed. It was as superbly gracious as the bending of a crowned head in acknowledgment of a subject's homage."

AMERICAN INVASION.

"There seems a great deal of alarm just now about the expected American invasion. It is rumored—but very likely falsely—that some of the troops are disaffected; and I am told that most of the troops sent here are from the dregs of the population in Spain, convicts and marauders of all kinds. The cavalry, however, are said to be a very fine body of men: as far as outward appearance goes, they *all* would seem to be so. The foot soldiers strike me as

being much taller than our infantry regiments, and are exceedingly clean-looking and well dressed."

VIEW OF CHAGRES.

"I have as yet said nothing of the appearance of this much vituperated, and I think often misrepresented place. Of course the ground is low, immediately on the river; but at a little distance beyond, it gradually rises till it presents the appearance of picturesque and beautiful wooded hills, giving a romantic variety to the scene. Certainly, where the Americans have betaken themselves, there is a low and marshy flat, that in the rainy season (which lasts here about ten months!) must be a sea of mud: it is said by the Americans, that the summits of the highest hills afford hardly any security against mud, at that extraordinarily 'juicy season.'"

"There is only one church at Chagres—of course a Catholic one—and in its construction it is as unpretending as the bamboo houses of the people. These houses, which are nearly as light as so many balloons, mostly consist of bamboo canes, which are thonged and fastened to some slight framework of more substantial timber, all covered over with the leaves or the limbs of the cabbage palm, or the cocoa-nut. They have no chimney at all. They all assume to a foreign eye a very strange and fantastical, but I think picturesque appearance."

"The town proper—the Chagres of the natives—lies on the north bank of the river Chagres, about a hundred yards or so from the open sea, and contains about a hundred of these huts, screened by their profuse coverings of palm leaves. A sudden bend in the river and a tongue of land running out into the sea, have caused the town to assume the shape of a semi-crescent, and the former almost entirely veils it from view as you enter the mouth of the river. On this point of land stands the fine old castle of San Lorenzo, built by the conquering Spaniards, and in olden days stormed by the celebrated and oft successful buccaneer Morgan, who scaled it and levelled it, after a conflict in which all but thirty-three out of three hundred and sixteen defenders were killed."

GOLD HUNTERS ON THEIR ROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

"Our room, with its solitary aperture, commanded a view of the commencement of the road to Panama; and many an interesting and curious sight did we witness from it. One that is very characteristic of American go-aheadishness and independence, I will relate. A spare, eager-eyed 'States' man,' had loaded an obstinate-looking animal with probably all his worldly goods, and was starting, or rather attempting to start, perfectly alone on his road to Panama, for the animal resolutely refused to budge, and he was dragging at it by an immense long rope with all his might and main, he at one end of the rambling street, and it at the other, and shouting out in English to the saun-

tering natives by the roadside, 'I say, which is the road to *Panamá*?' Another was stepping on deliberately, his bundle under his arm, and a huge umbrella, like that you see represented in Chinese rice-paper drawings, over his head, following the first path that came in his way.

"We saw numbers start along this road (which was the right way) almost all with the same frank, free, earnest bearing—and one felt they do not go only to gather up gold in the rich mines of that far land, now a part of their glorious country—they go to help and assist in raising a mighty empire on those teeming shores of the great Pacific, to carry progress, order, and civilization in their train."

NATIVE PORTERS.

"We met or passed immense numbers of natives, carrying often enormous loads, which they bear, apparently, in general, without fatigue. One man, especially, was burdened by a huge deal case, which looked as if it contained a frame house, at least, on its way to California; and it very likely was one, and an *iron* house 'at that!' He did look tired, poor fellow; and the house, or whatever the mountainous load was, had slipped, and he could not get it rightly on again! He rested against a tree, and some of the good-natured California-bound emigrants, who were seated in a group hard by, eating their luncheon and reposing themselves (for almost all we saw walked from Gorgona to Panama, frequently making two days of it), went to help him. They gave him, at his request I believe, a calabash full of water, and assisted him to place the gigantic case (with a small hotel probably inside it), once more firmly and comfortably (!) on his back. It was with some difficulty he made room for our party, especially our baggage-mules, to pass."

CALIFORNIANS IN RED SHIRTS.

"The Californians, all with their gay scarlet flannel shirts (which they universally wear), were scattered about the forest on all sides, and their brilliant attire was glimpsed through the woods at intervals; so they looked something like dismounted fox-hunters, thus reminding us of Leicestershire a little, though it would be difficult to find anything less like that highly respectable county than this wild, gorgeous wilderness-forest of the South. Would not a Vale of Belvoir farmer think poor nature had gone mad, and required a strait-waistcoat here,

and a pair of handcuffs? Cheerily sounded the emigrants' friendly greetings to one another, and their inspiring watchword—'Ho! for California!' I could almost have fancied the 'Tally' added before the first word, and the last two suppressed."

TABOGA.

"Taboga is said to be a charming place: the town consists of about a hundred cabins, with a number of stone houses belonging to the *millionaires* of the place; and there is an extremely picturesque old Spanish church. This town is built along a beautiful beach, which is said to be half covered with the remains of former buildings, and where a whole fleet of canoes may often be seen laid up. A lovely mountain stream comes dashing and sparkling down a gorge of the hills at the back of the settlement, and crosses the middle of it, on its course to the bay. This clear stream furnishes water to all the ships that visit Panama, in addition to supplying the wants of the residents. The Americans, it seems, are going to build a great many houses at Taboga, in the course of time; 'and,' says 'The Echo,' 'like New York, Panama will then have a Staten Island and New Brighton.'"

From Panama Lady Wortley sails down the South American coast, in the British mail-steamer, to Callao, and tarries awhile at Lima, about which she tells the old traveler's tale of one-eyed beauties, with killing glances and Cinderella slippers, of cock-fighting, shovel-hatted ecclesiastics, of political corruption and impotency, indolent ease, sensuous enjoyment, licentious intrigue, splendor, dust, decay, and ruin!

Her ladyship's good nature throughout all her journeying is admirable, she carries it with her like a banker's circular letter, and draws upon it freely, and thanks to it she is thus relieved from many a *contretemps* and unpleasant embarrassment, and kept happy and at her ease wherever she goes and in whatever company she may be thrown.

A cause for the want of literary finish in her book may be found in the fact, that it is made up of letters written in unrestrained confidence, without thought originally of publication.

A PICTURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULEY.

From an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1827, not included in the collection of his writings.]

"THE state of England, at the present moment (June, 1827), bears a close resemblance to that of France at the time when Turgot was called to the head of affairs. Abuses were numerous; public burdens heavy; a spirit of innovation was abroad among the people. The philosophical minister attempted to secure the ancient institutions, by amending them. The mild reforms which he projected, had they been carried into execution, would have conciliated the people, and saved from the most tremendous of all commotions the church, the aristocracy, and the throne. But a crowd of narrow-minded nobles, ignorant of their own interest, though solicitous for nothing else, the Newcastles and the Salisburys of France, began to tremble for their oppressive franchises. Their clamors overpowered the mild good sense of a king who wanted only firmness to be the best of sovereigns. The minister was discarded for councillors more obsequious to the privileged orders; and the aristocracy and clergy exulted in their success.

"Then came a new period of profusion and misrule. And then, swiftly, like an armed man, came poverty and dismay. The acclamations of the nobles, and the *Te Deums* of the church, grew fainter and fainter. The very courtiers muttered disapprobation. The ministers stammered out feeble and inconsistent counsels. But all other voices were soon drowned in one, which every moment waxed louder and more terrible,—in the fierce and tumultuous roar of a great people, conscious of irresistible strength, maddened by intolerable wrongs, and sick of deferred hopes! That cry, so long stifled, now rose from every corner of France, made itself heard in the presence-chamber of her king, in the saloons of her nobles, and in the refectories of her luxurious priesthood. Then, at length, concessions were made which the subjects of Louis the Fourteenth would have thought it impious even to desire,—which the most factious opponent of Louis the Fifteenth had never ventured to ask,—which, but a few years before, would have been received with ecstasies of gratitude. But it was too late!

"The imprisoned genie of the Arabian Tales, during the early period of his confinement, promised wealth, empire, and supernatural powers, to the man who should extricate him. But when he had waited

long in vain, mad with rage at the continuance of his captivity, he vowed to destroy his deliverer without mercy! Such is the gratitude of nations, exasperated by misgovernment, to rulers who are slow to concede. The first use which they make of freedom is to avenge themselves on those who have been so slow to grant it.

"Never was this disposition more remarkably displayed than at the period of which we speak. Abuses were swept away with unsparing severity. The royal prerogatives, the feudal privileges, the provincial distinctions, were sacrificed to the passions of the people. Every thing was given; and every thing was given in vain. Distrust and hatred were not to be thus eradicated from the minds of men who thought that they were not receiving favors but extorting rights; and that, if they deserved blame, it was not from their insensibility to tardy benefits, but for their forgetfulness of past oppression.

"What followed was the necessary consequence of such a state of feeling. The recollection of old grievances made the people suspicious and cruel. The fear of popular outrages produced emigrations, intrigues with foreign courts, and, finally, a general war. Then came the barbarity of fear; the triple despotism of the clubs, the committees, and the commune; the organized anarchy, the fanatical atheism, the scheming and far-sighted madness, the butcheries of the Chatelet, and the accursed marriages of the Loire. The whole property of the nation changed hands. Its best and wisest citizens were banished or murdered. Dungeons were emptied by assassins as fast as they were filled by spies. Provinces were made desolate. Towns were unpeopled. Old things passed away. All things became new.

"The paroxysm terminated. A singular train of events restored the house of Bourbon to the French throne. The exiles have returned. But they have returned as the few survivors of the deluge returned to a world in which they could recognise nothing; in which the valleys had been raised, and the mountains depressed, and the courses of the rivers changed,—in which sand and seaweed had covered the cultivated fields and the walls of imperial cities. They have returned to seek in vain, amidst the mouldering relics of a former system, and the fer-

menting elements of a new creation, the traces of any remembered object. The old boundaries are obliterated. The old laws are forgotten. The old titles have become laughing-stocks. The gravity of the parliaments, and the pomp of the hierarchy; the doctors whose disputes agitated the Sorbonne, and the embroidered multitude whose footsteps wore out the marble pavements of Versailles,—all have disappeared. The proud and voluptuous prelates who feasted on silver, and dozed amidst curtains of massy velvet, have been replaced by curates who undergo every drudgery and every humiliation for the wages of lackeys. To those gay and elegant nobles who studied military science as a fashionable accomplishment, and expected military rank as a part of their birthright, have succeeded men born in lofts and cellars; educated in the half-naked ranks of the revolutionary armies, and raised by ferocious valor and self-taught skill, to dignities with which the coarseness of their manners and language forms a grotesque contrast. The government may amuse itself by playing at despotism, by reviving the names and aping the style of the old court—as Helenus in Epirus consoled himself for the lost magnificence of Troy, by calling his brook Xanthus, and the entrance of his little capital the Scæan gate. But the law of entail is gone, and cannot be restored. The liberty of the press is established, and the feeble struggles of the minister cannot permanently put it down. The Bastille is fallen, and can never more rise from its ruins. A few words, a few ceremonies, a few rhetorical topics, make up all that remains of that system which was founded so deeply by the policy of the house of Valois, and adorned so splendidly by the pride of Louis the Great.

“Is this a romance? Or is it a faithful picture of what has lately been in a neighboring land—of what may shortly be within the borders of our own? Has the warning been given in vain? Have our Mannerses

and Clintons so soon forgotten the fate of houses as wealthy and as noble as their own? Have they forgotten how the tender and delicate woman,—the woman who would not set her foot on the earth for tenderness and delicateness, the idol of gilded drawing-rooms, the pole-star of crowded theatres, the standard of beauty, the arbitress of fashion, the patroness of genius,—was compelled to exchange her luxurious and dignified ease for labour and dependence; the sighs of dukes and the flattery of bowing abbés for the insults of rude pupils and exacting mothers;—perhaps, even to draw an infamous and miserable subsistence from those charms which had been the glory of royal circles—to sell for a morsel of bread her reluctant caresses and her haggard smiles—to be turned over from a garret to a hospital, and from a hospital to a parish vault? Have they forgotten how the gallant and luxurious nobleman, sprung from illustrious ancestors, marked out from his cradle for the highest honors of the state and of the army, impatient of control, exquisitely sensible of the slightest affront, with all his high spirit, his polished manners, his voluptuous habits, was reduced to request, with tears in his eyes, credit for half-a-crown,—to pass day after day in hearing the auxiliary verbs misrecited, or the first page of *Télémaque* misconstrued, by petulant boys, who infested him with nicknames and caricatures, who mimicked his foreign accent, and laughed at his thread-bare coat. Have they forgotten all this? God grant that they may never remember it with unavailing self-accusation, when desolation shall have visited wealthier cities and fairer gardens;—when Manchester shall be as Lyons, and Stowe as Chantilly;—when he who now, in the pride of rank and opulence, sneers at what we have written in the bitter sincerity of our hearts, shall be thankful for a porringer of broth at the door of some Spanish convent, or shall implore some Italian money-lender to advance another pistole on his George!”

EMPLOYMENTS.

I HAVE not pass'd my life in gaieties;
Duties, not pleasures, have filled up my days.
My lord's domain is large, and peopl'd thick.
Though most are prosp'rous, some are old, some
poor:
Those that can hither come, I here relieve;
But the more feeble I ride forth to seek,
Freighted with goods which ease their present
wants.
Sometimes, I read old books of chivalry,

And fill my wand'ring brain with idle fears
Of dwarfs, enchanters, giants, eldridge knights,
That throng the crowded world of old romance.
Sometimes I prattle with my town-bred maid,
A girl of wit, who longs to see Seville,
And has so filled my ears with her desire,
That I'd fain go, if but to still her tongue.
Then there are household duties infinite,
Known but to women, which I must discharge.
Geo. H. Boker's Calaynos.

GLEANINGS

From a new London volume, "The Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes and Aphorisms," collected by CATHARINE SINCLAIR, author of "Lord and Lady Harcourt," "Modern Accomplishments," &c.

I.

The observance of hospitality, even towards an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindoo author, with great elegance. "The sandal, too, imparts its fragrance even to the axe that hews it."

II.

Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review.

III.

Voltaire's definition of a physician is: "An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle; namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

IV.

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed were these: "Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

V.

If a straw, says Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

VI.

When James II. insisted very much on Lord ———'s changing his creed, he replied:

"Please your Majesty, I am pre-engaged!"

"How!"

"When last in Egypt, I promised the Pasha if ever I changed my religion to become a Mahometan."

VII.

Champfort said of the ancient Government of France: "It is a monarchy tempered by songs!"

VIII.

Sydney Smith's definition of the Popish Ritual:—Posture and imposture, flections and genuflections, bowing to the right, courtseying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery.

IX.

Lady Huntington, when dying, said: "I shall go to my Father this night."

X.

When the rich miser Elwes, who left about a million of money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was: "Putting things into people's heads, is taking money out of their pockets."

XI.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.—*Conversations of Lord Byron.*

XII.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

XIII.

Madame du Deffand said of her cat: "I love her exceedingly, because she is the most amiable creature in the world, but I trouble myself very little about the degree of affection she has for me. I should be sorry to lose her, because I feel that I manage and perpetuate my pleasures, by employing my care to perpetuate her existence."

XIV.

"A patriot is easily made," said Walpole. "It is but refusing an unreasonable demand, and up starts a patriot."

XV.

Talleyrand, speaking of a well known lady, said emphatically, "She is insufferable!" Then, as if relenting, he added, "But that is her only fault."

XVI.

Dr. Parr, when a boy at Harrow, had so very old a face for his age, that one day his contemporary, Sir William Jones, said, looking at him, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face."

XVII.

Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by the canon's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone, and hearing him tell that he must go that evening to visit for the first time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the reverend gentleman pathetically said, "Pray don't clap him on the back and call him Howley."

XVIII.

Southey said to a low-spirited friend, "Translate Tristram Shandy into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

XIX.

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

XX.

Brydone, the traveller, in his old age, heard his own adventures in Sicily read aloud by his family, and quite unconscious that these were the scenes which his own eyes had seen, and his

own lively pen described, declared "that it was all very amazing, but he wondered if it was true!"

XXI.

Voltaire was at table one day, when the company were conversing on the antiquity of the world. His opinion being asked, he said, "The world is like an old coquette, who disguises her age."

XXII.

When Coleridge was offered a half-share in these two newspapers, the 'Morning Post' and 'Courier,' by which he could probably have secured £2,000 a year, he replied, "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond £350 a year, I consider money as a real evil."

XXIII.

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner:—

"Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have not meat,
And so—the Lord be praised!"

XXIV.

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation."

XXV.

When some one said to Horne Tooke, "The law is open to every one," he replied, "So is the London Tavern."

XXVI.

A man's life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.

XXVII.

A chapter from "Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland" concerning Owls: "There are no owls in this island."

XXVIII.

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbors should give away, who are least apt to give anything themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A fall into difficulties than B begins to consider what C ought to do for him."

XXIX.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Hallford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public!"

XXX.

A saddler at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, desired his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers, and has afterwards acknowledged, that two-and-thirty of them paid for it.

XXXI.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "how-

ever inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

XXXII.

Catharine de Medicis, being told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed with momentary regret: "Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against myself!"

XXXIII.

Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel!

XXXIV.

St. Francis de Sales being consulted by a lady on the lawfulness of wearing rouge, replied: "Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it, but I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge on *one* cheek."

XXXV.

When the persecuting Papists boasted much of their moderation, it was observed in the House of Commons: "They should rather boast of their *murder*-ation."

XXXVI.

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "it serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

XXXVII.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

XXXVIII.

Of all actions of a man's life, says Selden, his marriage does *least* concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.

XXXIX.

Bonaparte said once: "Clergymen consider this world only as a diligence, in which they can travel to another."

XL.

When Paley dined out, for the first time, after being promoted in the church, he was in a state of good-humored jocularly on his accession of dignity, and called out during dinner to one of the servants: "Shut down the window behind my chair, and open another behind one of the curates."

XLI.

Dr. Hutchinson, who collected above £3,000 for repairing a church in Derby, was so indefatigable, that once, when "the Waits" fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them to enter his house, treated them to ale, and over-persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

XLII.

Bishop Hacket's motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

XLIII.

In 1726 Lady Palmerston bequeathed to her husband, "as a remembrance of death and also of the fondest and faithfulest friend he ever had," two gold chocolate cups made out of mourning rings, and used by her daily as a memorial of her departed friends and of eternity.

XLIV.

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.

XLV.

M. Thiers said of Madame de Stael's writings: "They are the perfection of mediocrity."

XLVI.

Curran's advice to orators: "When you can't talk sense, talk metaphor."

XLVII.

A Gascon, when proving his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other fire-wood than the batons of the Maréchals of France of his family.

XLVIII.

In Belzoni's tomb, and many others still extant, all the gods and goddesses are represented as pea-green.

XLIX.

A young Irish student at the Veterinary College, being asked "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise," promptly replied: "To sell him as soon as possible."

L.

An Irishman telling Grattan of an officer who was supposed to be deficient in courage, and that he never fought, was answered: "But I know of his having fought often, for he, on has many occasions, fought shy."

FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "The few locks which are left you are grey;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast,
 And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And pleasures with youth pass away;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remember'd that youth could not last;
 I thought of the future whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And life must be hastening away;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
 Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
 "Let the cause thy attention engage;
 In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

WELL! the Summer is past, and we are all back at work again. We are not quite the same creatures we were three months ago. We are changed, and not we trust for the worse; for whereas at the opening of the season many, if not all recollections, of summer-time were faded from our mind and we had nothing but the cold blank of winter behind us—we now repose, as it were, in a gentle summer-cushion, against which we can lean our backs and be comfortable in the remembrance of the shaded valleys, the breezy hill-tops, the streams rippling away with a mild murmur like a happy life. An editorial brother shall take the pen and wielding it happily echo the thoughts which have come upon many of us in visiting the old homestead, early scenes of childhood, and the dear places of our birth. It is ERASTUS BROOKS, Esq. who writes (and how genial he grows away from that wicked Wall street, with the sooty printing office of the "Express," clicking type, near by!)—in a delightful letter from Portland:

"But there are other changes here, than those natural to all times and places. Happily the physical creations of God live to the end of time. They are as they were, or if changed, changed, as a whole, for the better. The decay of time in the beautiful world wherein we dwell, cannot equal the improvements of time. The native skies yet appear in the picture frames of well remembered youth, and they are, but as they were since the morning stars first sang together. The little cloud, just now resting in the sunlight above me,

'Gay as a warrior's banner spread
Its sunny margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue—
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,
The apparition of a storm.'

seems but the image of an old-remembered picture of early home. If the stars seem to twinkle with more brilliancy, or the sun to rise and set in greater glory, or the moon to shine in more tranquility, above the home of one's childhood than elsewhere, who would rob even the imagination of so delightful a vision.

"But our Eastern and Northern skies are among the brightest and fairest of the Heavens. There are no such sunsets in Italy, and no nights like them, that I have seen, except those of Norway and Sweden, where the far-off stars seem to lend the lustre of diamonds near at hand. The forest trees, too, here, are beautiful, the branches full of the deepest foliage, and they have grown as children grow, in the absence of a few years. Elms, Maples, Oaks, the Birch and all the noblest trees of our rich forest land are here, as the people are, and have been from the first—some outliving all who are upon the stage, but others again watched for fifty years

and more, from the tender sapling until they seem fit to be the monarchs of the wood."

. . . . If there be any writer of our times who has worked his course through the solid crust of critical resistance, and compelled his way into the light, with a juster self-reliance than the author of "Orion" (R. H. HORNE), we are not acquainted with his name or history. From various articles of a special turn of language and treatment, we fancy that Mr. HORNE is an active contributor to that completest of weekly panoramas, "The Household Words, conducted by Charles Dickens." For instance, in turning over the volume we find "The Great Peace-Maker: a Sub-marine Dialogue," a poem of considerable length, or rather a dramatic dialogue between the Sea and the Telegraph. The measure, in its majestic march and deep-toned cadences is, in our judgment, not to be over-matched, in the management of the epic blank verse, this side of Milton. As a pleasure to all readers of fine sense and imaginative sympathy, we present a part of the introduction:

"Slumbrous immensity that knows no bounds,
Since my great depths are hidden from
myself,

And hoary age, uncounted by the links
Of man's brief generations, these are mine,
Alone of earth's prime elements; and thus,
In contemplation of the moving spheres
That shine upon my bosom, I repose,
Murmuring of ancient Gods and Phantoms
pale,

Primordial rulers of the elder world—
Majestical Annihilations, now.'

"While thus in solemn monologue, the Sea
Brooded on twilight times, there slowly rose
A crest that wore a pallid diadem
Above two cave-like eyes, that, seeming
blind,

Shot ever and anon a lightning ray
From out the darkness—piercing the far
space—

Then all again in darkness. A Form ap-
peared,

Of length voluminous, like the swarthy train
Of some stupendous serpent, wise and old,
Which rolled its coils with measured energy,
And noiseless as a shadow o'er the grass,
Unto the brink of the impending cliff,
And, with its head outstretched, peered gravely
down,

Scanning the wonders of the heaving main.

"Again the Sea in cavernous murmurs spake:
'What freights and hopes my fierce uplifting
storms

Have scattered into spots of drifting foam,
Oh, Memory, forbear to chronicle;
For I have borne a large allotted share

In old Destruction's work, and fain would
sink

Within myself, no more to make response
To winds, or thunders, or the voice of Death,
But weep into a silence and a dream,
Listening the hush of mine eternity."

. . . . To come down into the more familiar world of everyday life, we have, in a budget of pleasing matters from a fair contributor (one of a partnership of contributors) at Mabbottsville:

THE THREE MAXIMS.

A maxim for a Louis d'or—

A sonnet for Dollar!

1. Keep aye the road that looks before:
2. Never o'er stangers' business pore:
3. Postpone, if longer you're in store:

Is not each worth a Louis d'ore,

Brave Talker of The Dollar? ELIHU.

Like the pure ore which lies in the mint and which we know will not rust, we have laid away our other treasure from the same liberal hands, against our hour of need.

. . . . The London *Times* occasionally in the summer months waxes sportive,—always, however, mingling instruction with entertainment, as in a late article entitled "The Literature of the Rail." The writer, desirous of ascertaining the kind of literature sold at the various railway stations in London, visited them all, and, with few exceptions, found the bookshelves encumbered with "unmitigated rubbish." Here and there crouched some old friends, who looked very strange indeed in the midst of such questionable society—like well-dressed gentlemen compelled to take part in the general doings of the Rag-fair. In one corner was a small thin volume, always to be gratefully remembered on account of an incident which is likely enough to lead to a thorough reformation of the cruel abuses to which we refer. The little volume was "The Narrative of the Insurrection of 1845, by Lord Mahon." It caught our eye, as it had already fortunately arrested the attention, at more than one railway station, of Mr. Macaulay, the historian. The sight of it suggested to that brilliant writer the idea and title of a "Travellers' Library,"—and at his instigation—for which we here tender him our thanks—Messrs. Longman commenced the cheap and popular series known by this name, and adorned by Mr. Macaulay's own charming productions. As we progressed north, a wholesome change, we rejoice to say, became visible in railway bookstalls. We had trudged in vain after the schoolmaster elsewhere, but we caught him by the button at Euston Square; and it is with the object of inducing him to be less partial in his walks that we now venture thus publicly to appeal to him. At the North-Western terminus we diligently searched for that which required but little looking after in other places, but we poked in vain for the trash. If it had ever been there, the broom had been before us and swept it clean away. We asked for something "highly colored." The book-

seller politely presented us with Kugler's "Handbook of Painting." We shook our head and demanded a volume more intimately concerned with life and the world. We were offered "Kosmos." "Something less universal," said we, "befits the London traveller." We were answered by "Prescott's Mexico," "Modern Travel," and "Murray's Handbook of France." We could not get rubbish, whatever price we might offer to pay for it. There were no "Eugene Sues" for love or money, no cheap translations of any kind, no bribes to ignorance or unholy temptations to folly. "You'll soon be in the *Gazette*," we said commiseratingly to the bookseller. The bookseller smiled. "You never sell those things," we added mildly. "Constantly! we can sell nothing else." "What! have you nothing for the million?" "Certainly. Here is 'Logic for the Million,' price 6s.; will you buy it?" "Thank you; but surely books of a more chatty character —." "Chatty; oh, yes! 'Coleridge's Table Talk' is a standard dish here, and never wants purchasers."

. . . . APPLETON & Co. have issued various works of fiction in attractive binding in book form, so that they may be worthy of the library shelf: as in quality and excellence they are. They also continue the "Mechanics' Magazine," and other valuable scientific publications.

. . . . BARNES & Co. present a new volume of the Colton series.

. . . . GOULD & LINCOLN publish a volume of "Lectures" by W. R. WILLIAMS, who is known as one of the ablest moral and theological writers of the country. The work stands in no need of praise—for the reputation of Dr. Williams is solid and general. They also issue another sterling work, Hopkins's "Guiding Star."

. . . . HARPER & BROTHERS pour out a full stream of novels, histories, serials, including two of particular merit, Mayhew's "London Labor and London Poor," and Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution."

. . . . NEAFIE, CORNISH & Co., in their *Lives of the Musicians*, by Mrs. E. F. Elett, furnish one of the best published books of the season; elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated; the matter attractive, like all the productions of the pen of its popular author.

. . . . REDFIELD maintains his position by the publication of the Second Series of "Episodes of Insect Life," in the same high style of finish and excellence as the first, which is as much as could be said in behalf of any book.

. . . . There were two or three errors in printing the beautiful poem in our last number, addressed to "Mrs. M. B. E." The principal was the substitution of "frosts" of death for "forests"; one an emblem of life, and the other of death. Our rather "frosty" introduction scarcely did justice to the glow of genius which evidently inspired them, and which should have melted all attempt at criticism out of us. If the writer bear any resemblance in excellence and beauty to her own composition, she must indeed be

one of those angels who are supposed to visit the earth at long intervals. We hope, however, that unlike such spirits she will live long to delight us—with her fair handiwork of verse, at least.

. . . . The New York correspondents to the country newspapers would make a curious regiment, we are quite confident, if they were drawn up in a line. We should see all sorts of heads and fronts: and no doubt some strange "masking." Among the spiciest of the class is one David Copperfield (so signed), who "furnishes" for the *Buffalo Republic*. In a late letter he whales "The Wizard" (Prof. Anderson) with so cudgel-like a quill, that we meant to have presented the passage to our readers as a specimen of energetic comment. Fortunately for the Professor (although he, too, would, no doubt, have been greatly amused) the paper has been carried off in the great basket, the way of all newspapers, and we fear the Wizard himself, with all his powers of conjuration, could not bring it back again.

. . . . We need just here, in our "Talk," the seasoning of a literary anecdote. Where is a richer to be found than this graphic account of a celebrated writer? If these statements be true, we should not be surprised to hear of the great English historian in a strait jacket before long:—"There is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large, staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity. He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thought, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he has passed. But he heeds to no one—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay. Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich—a fashionable whitebait-house, which, it appears, he frequently patronizes. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgetiness, and

by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once—it must have been towards the climax of the prose or verse which he was working up in his mind—Mr. MACAULAY seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put about, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and his umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other."

. . . . Now for another tilt of the spice-box by an American hand: one "Viridicus," a clever and trenchant contributor to the *Philadelphia Sunday Mercury*, who has just opened in that paper a series of "Cool Critiques on Home-made Books and Home-bred Book-makers." No. I., according to the caption of his chapter, is devoted to "The writer, at the confessional, acknowledges the humbuggery of criticism, and the Munchausenism of critics." He strikes against certain (as he alleges) unpraised publications, in behalf of the meritorious periodicals of our country, which are, he asserts, "seldom mentioned, or if noticed at all, the greeting is marked by chilling brevity, and the praise is of that kind which Junius says will 'wear well,' being well earned and sparingly bestowed. The same perversity is observed in criticisms of a higher order. Our best authors and their works are seldom commended with anything like cordiality, but every vile scribbler has compliments showered upon him, with a profusion like the scattering of sugarplums at a Roman carnival. I once heard a critic of some mark give a reason for this apparent inconsistency, and a very execrable reason it was. 'I am ready,' said he, 'to bestow any amount of praise on a good-for-nothing writer, because I know he can never come in competition with myself; but save me from the folly of recommending an able author, and helping to build up a rivalry that I may have every reason to dread.' The effect of this detestable policy is, that scarcely any author occupies his true position before the American public. The greater number of our writers are elevated above their proper level, and a very few, perhaps, are underrated. To correct this abuse, in a measure, is the object of these off-hand criticisms, for which the writer claims no credit on the score of superior judgment or a more refined taste. Any man who has dabbled in the literature of the day could make such revelations as I have designed, but perhaps not every one would be willing to incur the responsibility of uttering facts which will not be any less offensive because they are true."

. . . . Among the men of enterprize of "our town" are to be ranked Messrs. DEWITT & DAVENPORT, who are constantly sending works

of entertainment into the world with light-jackets, to circulate by thousands all over the land. They have just issued "Reveries of an Old Maid," and announce Mr. GREELEY's letters from Europe; also a new work (with an extraordinary title) by Mr. FOSTER.

... Among the publications which have of late stirred the waters, has been a pamphlet on "Milk," by Dr. A. K. GARDNER, as chairman of a committee of the Academy of Medicine on that topic, which, developing skillfully all the processes of the subject, has awakened special attention in the press and throughout the country. Dr. GARDNER is among the foremost of the younger members of the faculty in New York, and has an ambition, not uncommon in the New York profession of medicine, to be of service in his day and generation.

... That keen, handy, well-printed, and admirably edited quarto, the *Boston Transcript*, makes a proposition in regard to the protection of authors, which would, if the pride of authorship would but allow it, bother "the enemy" not a little. This is the *modus operandi*: "In alluding to the subject of an international copyright, we have, several times, suggested a plan by which English authors could secure the copyright of an original work in this country without any alteration of the present law. The plan was simply to employ an American author to write a page or two of the work, without specifying the particular passages from his pen, but stating the fact in general terms in the preface. The American would thus be authorized to copyright the entire work in the United States. To make our meaning more plain: let Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray request Washington Irving or some other American to append a few original sentences to some chapter in the work of either, and this being done, the profit of a copyright in the United States could be made to enure to them without any difficulty. We see from an announcement in an English paper, that a London publisher is about to test this plan in a new work by Lamartine—'The History of the Restoration.' Certain essential passages will be written in the English language. Priority of publication will take place in England, so that the circulation of any other English version, professing to re-translate from the French edition the facts and opinions substantially comprised in the interpolated passages may be at once restrained. Undoubtedly the restraint will be sufficient; and there is nothing to prevent the adoption of a similar process to prevent the pirating of English and French works in the United States. The author could always reserve to himself the privilege of marking the interpolated passages at some future time; so that he need not be troubled with the idea of adopting the language or sentiments of another without specific credit."

... That HANS YORKEL correspondent of the *New Orleans Commercial Bulletin*, is a ca-

pable man, and from the gusto with which he dwells on the im-peach-ment of the crop of the season, we strongly suspect under Yorkel's head, the face of an all-alert and quick-footed assistant District Attorney of the Criminal Courts of this county. One sometimes makes a HALL unexpectedly, even from the Commercial surface of the Bulletin: "I was amused this morning while going from the Park to the Post-office, through Nassau street, in watching the rank and file of pedestrians who came up eating peaches. Like your Post-office, ours has become a fruit market, although on a larger scale than the Creole patronizers of your city would dream of. The early walker of a morning to the Post-office will find some amusement in watching their fragrant and perishable stock. There are fifteen stalls beginning in Cedar street, and environing the Nassau street side of the building in Liberty street. Each stall will commence of a morning with four bushel baskets full. All day long the busy crowd swarm around them, and the stall-men and stall-women have not a moment to spare between rubbing the down from the fruit, piling it into pyramids, and exchanging coppers and silver. Some buy under the temptation of the smell; some under that of the sight; some are desirous of change. Thus on an average (as I have found very few baskets remaining over at night), fifty bushels of peaches are eaten in the street from these Post-office stalls. Say about seven thousand five hundred peaches—taking an average; allowing three to each person, nearly three thousand people eat peaches from the Post-office stalls in one day. What then is to be said of the peach traffic all over the city? Where is FELIX HOUSTON and his orchards landed by such a calculation? Think of the peaches and milk at breakfast and tea! of the peach pies, peach puddings, and peach fritters! of the peach marmalades and brandy peaches! All in a city of half a million of stomachs. Who shall call Gothamites a *scurvy* set, if Dr. STONE be correct in his advice. Why "Hans" is enthusiastic, you say. Hans must have been drinking "peach" brandy. Or been retained by the peach growers? Or perhaps he is a lover of the fruit beyond all measure? I confess and plead guilty to the latter soft im-peach-ment. I do like them beyond all measures. When you speak of the quantity of the peach, I think me of the mint-julep amateur who made his loved drink in fire buckets and sucked it through a hose. But alas! peaches are somewhat more costly this year than usual. Bushels reach from \$1 25 to \$2 50, which last year were tallied at half those prices. Nevertheless, ten cents' worth will furnish a dessert for a family of six (including the small boy, who always eats what is left). Peaches are not so large this year as usual. There was too much dry weather in July. Nor was Pomona in 1851 so lavish of her guardianship in any vine yard or garden."